

## Pretty Boys and Sharp Knives

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## Pretty Boys and Sharp Knives

by [crustyysam](#)

### Summary

It's not like George meant to find Dream. Honestly, the chances of running into him alone were really fucking low. So how the hell did he manage to get held with a sword to his throat on the cold, dirty floor of a cave?

AKA

George runs into Dream in a cave, gets threatened with death, and Dream gets a hard-on.

Takes place during a Manhunt.

# George Is Lost, Dream Is Horny

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George's back was trapped by Dream's front, the taller man easily overpowering him, and his right hand was pinned to his side. His left held on to Dream's, his fingers splayed over the hand where it clenched around the blade digging in gently at his neck.

"Fuck," he whispered.

Dream was behind him. George couldn't think; he could barely breathe. Where the hell were Sapnap and Bad when he needed them? He never would've gone after Dream alone; he wasn't stupid. But it's not like he expected to run into him in some random cave after the latter had gone silent during the hunt.

Branches snapped in the near distance, and voices came within hearing range, both men freezing in place.

"George!"

"Gogy, where you at?"

Sapnap and Bad might be late to the rescue, but at least George was getting more confident that he wouldn't not die here. Maybe if they got a little closer they could provide enough of a distraction to Dream so he could escape, but...

"Don't fucking move," Dream whispered lowly, his lips right by George's ear, making him shiver lightly at the warm breath tickling him.

Knowing better than to fight him one-on-one, George stayed quiet and still, weighing his options.

He'd likely be better off waiting out his time. He'd be no use to either of his teammates if he was dead. Sure, he'd respawn, but he'd also lose his stuff in the process, and he really didn't want to give Dream access to his hidden strength potion.

After a few moments passed, Dream shifted behind him, readjusting himself to sit fully on the ground in a more comfortable position than when he was crouched. He was still holding George to him firmly, but he softened his grip a second later once he saw that George didn't struggle in this new placement. He still had the blade against the brunette's neck, but his hands held him in a gentle, yet restraining grip.

Sitting in the dark, the silence of the cave broken only by Dream and his own slow breathing, George felt his skin prickle, finally feeling the chill of the cave hit his front as his adrenaline from the earlier struggle went down. Dream at his back provided an odd kind of warmth, giving rise to a dangerous but safe feeling. It probably wasn't smart in hindsight, but George trusted that Dream wouldn't hurt him so long as he played by his rules.

Even if he did kill George and take his resources, George would respawn and be free to tell the others where he was hiding.

"George?"

And seeing as how close the other two still were, it was a risk George doubted Dream would take.

Realizing he wasn't going anywhere soon and that the chances of Bad or Sapnap stumbling into their cave were extremely low, George let out a soft noise of defeat and slumped back against Dream's shoulder. He really was warm, and the cave was getting colder by the second.

It also didn't help that the two of them were far enough into the cave that any light that made it in didn't reach them. This didn't really bother him at first, but now that he couldn't move much where he was, sitting in the dark alone would've creeped him out if he couldn't feel the constant physical reassurance that was Dream sitting pressed up against him.

Just as he was getting settled, a long, deep groan echoed out through the cave, and George froze again. Dream tensed behind him too.

George knew it was stupid, but he couldn't shake the feeling of being protected that Dream was giving him. If they got attacked here, would Dream defend him? It felt like he would. Dream was still frozen silent behind him, likely assessing how far the zombie was and how much of a risk it would be to them. His grip around George's middle hardened slightly in warning.

*Don't run.*

Both of them on edge, George focused on the other sounds around them. Bad and Sapnap could be heard in the overworld outside, but their muted conversation was indiscernible. In the cavern, another groan was let out into the air and the crackle of bones deeper into the cave gave hint of another threat.

Suppressing a shiver, George nestled back against Dream slowly, the knife at his neck giving way a bit for the movement as Dream allowed him the small comfort of using him for his heat in the chilly space. Feeling a sharp rock dig into his leg where he rested his weight, George wiggled a little to dislodge it and get more comfortable.

"Stop moving," Dream growled, his voice harsh.

George stopped in his movement and, after a moment, flopped back against the other again, confusion flooding his head. He wasn't moving away from Dream, just adjusting his stance. He'd let him do so earlier, so why was Dream so getting so aggressive now?

*Wait.*

*Is that-*

In the process of readjusting himself in a way that wouldn't cramp up easily, but would still trap George, Dream had moved him to sit in between his legs. Curiously, gently—and slowly so he wouldn't get cut—George moved back against Dream where their lower halves met. Sure enough, he felt a hard pressure against his lower back right above where his ass met Dream's pelvis.

*No fucking way...*

George could tell the moment Dream had noticed his reaction because he stiffened, his biceps flexing against the older boy. George could tell the blond wanted to move away, but the threat of his teammates outside lingered as an unchosen option.

After Dream made no move to let him go, George shifted backwards hesitantly, taking note of the blade still pressed to his throat, and rocked back against Dream where they made contact. Dream went still and growled again in warning, shoving the knife closer to his neck, but didn't move

otherwise.

George stayed put for a second, taking in the quickening pace in the younger man's heartbeat where he could feel it against his back before repeating the action again. Except this time, slower. Much slower.

Slow enough that George felt the exact moment he made contact with where he could tell Dream probably felt achingly hard right now, giving him a taste of relief, the younger man making a soft, strangled noise in return. The knife stayed at his throat, but it didn't press any further.

As Dream's breath started to grow uneasy, George wondered how far the blonde would let him go with this. Again, George pressed back, gently rolling up and back against Dream fully, making contact with his ass rather than his back by shifting up off the floor and partially into his lap. This time though, Dream made another soft noise and rocked back, his uncertain thrust throwing George off.

George choked off a sound of his own as he felt himself start to get hard at the contact. He ground down this time, *hard*, in Dream's lap. After a moment's hesitation, Dream removed the knife at his throat to slide down to his hip, his other hand around his middle doing the same.

Still holding the knife against his side, but not in an active threat, Dream lifted George up by the hips to slide the smaller man's legs over his own where they had been parted to leave space for where George had been between them. Now fully on top of Dream where he was propped against the cave wall, George was straddling the younger's hips, partially facing away from Dream but leaning against his legs.

Dream took this chance to move his hand up to George's mouth in case he decided to scream for his friends, the hand at his hip still gripping hard as he thrust up in George where they made contact. The brunette shuddered, feeling his own hardness press against Dream's thigh where he leaned for support, and he rocked back again, grinding the softness of his ass against the man's erection once more.

The two moved against one another more frantically this time, Dream rocking up into George where he pushed back. It occurred to George that they might attract attention with their muffled movement, but another sharp thrust from Dream had him abandoning the thought.

Or all thinking, for that matter.

After a few minutes, Dream let out a frustrated growl below him and grabbed George again, this time flipping him less gently than before to press his face against the cold stone wall where he'd previously sat. At his startled and slightly pained cry, the blond nudged a thigh between George's and reached around to palm at him slowly, gently, in what George assumed was a silent apology for the rough treatment.

*Enemies don't apologize to enemies*, George corrected himself. *Even if they help each other get off when they have nothing to gain from it.*

George wasn't dumb; he knew Dream could overpower him anytime he wanted to. He could just use the older man to chase his own pleasure after that little tease. He didn't have to touch him, to help him, so what the fuck was going on?

One of Dream's hands slipped beneath George's shirt to reach his nipples, pinching gently at the sensitive, reddening peaks. Letting out a choked sob, George's hips stuttered back against the taller's, his body keening from the sudden attention. Still rutting against his ass, Dream slipped his

hand into the other's jeans, taking the chance to wrap his hand around him and press his thumb into his leaking slit. At the unexpected action, George let out a small moan, and it didn't take more than a few more pumps for him to come, Dream continuing to use him for release.

Dream finished with a shudder a few seconds later, panting heavily over where George was slumped sleepily against the wall. He turned the hunter around gently, seating him on his lap, but resting him against the cave wall, as he tucked him back into his pants. George whined softly at the stimulation the careful action provided and grasped at Dream's hoodie as he adjusted back into their situation.

Coming back to reality, George realized he could no longer hear Bad or Sapnap above them, but he wasn't worried about Dream hurting him anymore. Not really.

A moan from the zombie farther down had them both raising their heads in alarm. The voice was getting closer. It was a miracle it hadn't heard them before and interrupted.

Sitting like this, Dream couldn't easily defend them, but he also probably figured he couldn't let George go else he'd run.

Which was a fair assumption, with the hunt still taking place.

As Dream sat with his eyes toward the opening down farther into the cave, stones shook loose from their places as the zombie's uneven footsteps could be heard, the monster coming up to them at a decent pace. The cave felt a lot colder now, even with Dream's warmth and weight underneath him.

Hesitantly, Dream got up, leaving his spot from beneath George and dragged the forgotten blade against the sensitive skin of the hunter's throat gently as his stood up. He crouched down beside George from where he'd placed him to whisper in his ear.

"You run, and I'll catch you before you reach your friends. You may respawn, but I promise you it'll hurt."

When George looked at him evenly and made no move to run, the weapon was removed from his neck. Eying him warily, Dream turned away and drew his sword on the approaching zombie, disappearing quickly into the cavern.

Shaken, George stayed where he was, still processing everything that just happened.

What the actual fuck was he doing?

Realistically, he knew he should take this chance to escape. George might not be able to outrun the younger man, but he could at least yell for Bad and Sapnap; they couldn't have gone too far in the last couple minutes.

In the time it took George to consider his options, Dream had returned, and while he was only gone for a few seconds—half a minute at best—he seemed genuinely surprised to see George in the same spot as he'd left him.

Walking over to the spot where the hunter sat, Dream scoffed.

"You really didn't run, huh?"

George looked up to him and held up a hand. Dream hesitated before shifting his sword to his other hand and helping the hunter up, taking a step forward immediately after he was on his feet to press

him against the wall.

"Something wrong?" He questioned, his voice teasing.

"What did you gain from this?" The smaller man asked quietly, looking up at him, crossing his arms over his chest defensively with the little space he had.

Dream barked a low laugh and ran a hand through his hair. "I don't fucking know; an orgasm, maybe?"

George avoided looking him dead-on, opting instead to stare down at the dirty cavern floor. He could feel his cheeks heat up, and tears prickle at the corners of his eyes in embarrassment as his hands started to shake.

*So none of this meant anything to him after all.*

"Why?" Dream teased, leaning in further, taking hold of George's wrists across his chest to pin them against his sides. "Having second thoughts? Hate to break it to you, but that ship has sailed."

At George's vulnerable silence, he pressed on. "You could've said no, y'know."

The older man glared at Dream again, unable to stop a tear from falling. "And do what? Run?"

For the first time, Dream was quiet.

Slowly, still shaking, George pushed against the strong hands holding his wrists. The taller let him raise his hands, his own slipping from the smaller man's wrists farther down. Taking care to be gentle, George rested his hand on Dream's jaw, letting his thumbs wander beneath the edges of the mask. He stiffened when George took hold of the top of it, but didn't make any move to stop him, and he stayed still as it was pulled up to just underneath his nose, revealing only his mouth.

George smoothed a thumb over his lips, surprised that the blond was still letting him touch him, his hands at his sides in a sign of trust. The brunette leaned in slowly, giving the other time to back out, and he waited once his lips were just barely in front of Dream's. They stayed there like that for a second before Dream took a half-step forward and pressed his mouth to George's.

The first was a chaste kiss, only lasting a moment before they both pulled back. After a few moments when it became apparent that neither were leaving, Dream pulled George back again. This time the kiss was deeper, Dream taking the chance to slip his tongue into George's mouth and cradle his jaw with his free hand, the other resting on George's waist. The smaller man had one of his hands in his hair and the other behind Dream's neck, keeping him in place while he let him kiss him, sucking gently and biting on the brunette's lip when he pulled away.

They were both panting, smiling in the dark, and George hesitated, before speaking.

"Run."

"What?"

"You would've let me."

Dream looked at him, quiet for a second, before letting out a breath and a small chuckle, the hand at George's waist tucking him closer to the front of his chest.

"Yeah. I would've."

## Chapter End Notes

hi!

not to be like every other creator (ooooo big word), but if you made it this far, i'm  
insanely grateful for you taking your time to read, and i appreciate you!!

bye :D

# "Oh No, I Hope I Don't Fall..." (George Fell.)

## Chapter Notes

DAMN Y'ALL ARE REALLY HYPING ME UP IN THE COMMENTS THANK YOU

i know this chapter is a little shorter than the last one, but i've been working on my other fanfic recently, so that's the reason why :)  
also this was meant to be a little follow up to the first chapter, but depending on how things go i might make this a legit series because i have a ton of ideas and 3-4 of y'all have suggested something about that.

^^please gimme feedback on that, and i really hope this matches up to the first part  
\*sweats nervously\*

ANYWAY I LOVE YOU GUYS I HOPE YOU LIKE THIS!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*"Yeah. I would've."*

They saw each other again after the day in the cave.

A lot, actually.

Now, more often than not, when George walked through the woods alone, he ended up pinned against a tree with his shirt shoved up to his chest and a warm leg moving between his own, and while he could admit it wasn't the most romantic way to say hello, he wasn't as bothered by it as he imagined he'd be.

It didn't take a genius to realize that Dream was keeping tabs on him, either. Because it didn't matter where he was—the beach, the forest, the camp—Dream seemed to always be aware of his location, and he knew enough about the other two hunters for George to never have to worry, the blond never stopping by unless he was undoubtably alone.

On the bad side of things, the days when Bad and Sapnap dragged him out to search for the speedrunner seemed a lot harder now, his old panic about the unknown danger Dream projected being overtaken by a sickening concern on his behalf. Seeing one another on these hunts had also become something else entirely, their curious hostility making way for other small habits, Dream using any opportunity available to send a wink his way when the others weren't in view or to grab his ass before shoving him out of a tree.

And while George rolled his eyes and glared at each flirtatious action, it was nice to know that he still remembered.



It was nice to know he still cared.

They moved fast.

In the time they'd begun whatever it was that they were doing, George had learned pretty quickly what Dream's body felt like.

So when hands grabbed at him from the shadows to press him against a wall the first time, there was no doubt to George as to who it was.

When someone palmed at him unexpectedly through his jeans and felt him up from behind mid-supply run, George wasn't concerned.

And when warm lips wrapped around the peaks on his chest in the dark of night, he knew whose mouth they belonged to.

As mentioned earlier, he never had to worry about the two of them being seen. In all of the uncertainties that came with working through whatever was between them, the one thing that was obvious to George was that he could trust Dream. And even if it wasn't the smartest choice in the book, it was the one he chose to make.

They also moved slow.

There were days when George woke up to a sword he hadn't previously owned, or a flower he hadn't picked that hinted at his not-quite lover's presence, and although the gifts were largely unnecessary, they succeeded in making him feel special.

Dream showing up at random times in his day became a welcome addition to George's routine, too, the younger boy taking every chance to flirt with him or make half-hearted advances. Once, he'd even accompanied the brunette down to the mine where he sat lazily in the corner, talking to him about stupid shit and complaining about the George's two teammates for hours until the other had found the gold he needed.

His company was a distraction, George knew that.

*So why don't I mind?*

On their more active nights, sometimes after they'd finished Dream would still be leaning over the brunette while he caught his breath. When this happened, he'd rest the majority of his weight onto George's back and wrap his arms around him, letting everything around them slowly fade away until everything he could process, all that George saw, smelled, heard, touched, and tasted, was him.

The sex was great, but those times were George's favorite.

George wished he could say things got worse.

It would've been easier to believe that Dream was cruel, to say that the younger man hit him when

he didn't reciprocate his actions, cursed his name when it came time for him to leave, and had his way with him whenever he liked, whether the hunter wanted it or not.

But he didn't.

When it came time for George to head back to camp, Dream always held the older boy to him for an extended moment, long enough that George could hear the unspoken words he was trying to convey. But nevertheless, even in the dark, the blond always walked him back until the trees parted and the hunter's tents could be seen so he knew the other would be safe.

After George had gotten upset from spending hours in the mine that day, Dream had come up from behind to distract him, pulling him backwards into him to nuzzle his neck sweetly. He'd then switched tactics, kissing the brunette hard enough for him to moan and letting the older boy pull his hair while he sucked on his tongue until the other forgot why he was there in the first place. Even worse, after it was all said and done, he'd whispered things to him between peppered kisses, words that made George blush and squirm in his arms until Dream had laughed at his embarrassment.

*You're so pretty, George.*

*You're always so pretty for me.*

And the worst of them all-

Every time after Dream fucked him, he'd brush his sweaty hair back from his eyes and kiss him softly wherever he could reach at the time, usually his jaw or the sensitive skin on the back of his neck beneath his hairline. Sure, there were times when Sapnap and Bad had gotten uncomfortably close to outsmarting him and he'd needed to let off steam, being a lot rougher with George than necessary and taking what he needed to get through the night.

But those were also the days when he took his sweet time toward the end; days where Dream made him come until he cried, never teasing him more than he could handle, but still pushing him enough that he'd earn his rest. For what it was worth, too—even though George would walk a little slower the next few days because of it, the younger boy never made the intense experience genuinely *hurt*, and George knew he'd stop if asked.

These small fragments of truth that George knew to be true killed him.

Dream wasn't a bad guy, and as great as Bad and Sapnap were, the blond was different in the best way. The older boy wouldn't deny that most of their encounters ended in sex, but that wasn't all there was to it. To *them*.

Though, as shameful as it was to admit, in the beginning, that had been the point. George wouldn't, and *couldn't* deny that.

But then they'd started to chat in the times the brunette was too busy with tasks the others had assigned to him to fuck around with Dream, and instead of leaving, the younger boy had stuck around to follow him anyway. After that, they began to talk for hours when they met up, sometimes *just* to talk, and, as the days turned into weeks, George found himself craving the blond's company just as much as he did anything else Dream could offer him.

The most terrifying part about it all was that Dream knew exactly what George wanted, and he gave it to him purely because he could. Not because he could gain anything else from him other than what his body or spirit could offer.

He knew the other liked him, but this kinda felt like love.

And he really, *really* hoped it wasn't love.

## Chapter End Notes

OH AND THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR EVERYTHING

i love the comments you all leave, and suggestions + questions are also open!!

seriously, this fic is as much for me as it is for y'all, so feel free to put some ideas out there if there's something you wanna see written, even if it doesn't match up with this particular fic i'd be happy to consider it in another.

i read every comment y'all send, so trust me--it'll get seen.

OKAY HAVE A GOOD DAY NOW, BYE MY LOVELY READERS <3

# RIP Dream's Sandwich

## Chapter Notes

hi lovelies!

im sure y'all have seen the rating on this by now, but if you're blind or something, there is going to be smut at the middle to end of this chapter  
it's a little less intense than some other chapters are going to be, but that's kinda on purpose :))  
(you'll see what i mean)

drink water, don't perish, and enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Okay, so, it wasn't love.

But it was definitely something.

George was... happier? Calmer. He preferred the word *balanced*.

Here's the thing, though: it wasn't often that conversation got serious between him and Sapnap or Bad. While they were all friends and he knew that being part of a team required communication and trust, that was about as far as any of their relationships extended. Not that it was usually an issue—coming together, they all had a common goal, and they now were working together to achieve that. That was all there was to it, and any extra friendships that came from their situation was purely advantageous.

*So, I shouldn't feel so bad, right?*

Much like Dream, it would make it easier on him if they were assholes. At least then he wouldn't feel so guilty when complaining about them.

"So let me get this straight," Dream started, sitting with George under the shade of a cluster of forest trees as he took out food from his bag. "You're feeling shitty because your friends have noticed you acting differently—which is probably from my wonderful intervention into your life, by the way—and now you're being pissy because they've expressed interest in your life, and in the rare case of them finding out about us, you're worried they'll think you've betrayed them?"

George stopped mid chew, thinking over what the other had said.

"Yes."

Dream snorted, grinning with the sun casting moving shapes on his half-covered face through the

spaces in the leaves, his mask pushed up a little so he could eat. "Well, I'm very sorry you feel that way, George. I know it can't be easy having people concerned about you like this."

George turned to glare at him, debating if his comment was hit-worthy or not. Dream just cocked his head to the side innocently in response, the corners of his mouth tilting up.

*Ugh, what an ass. I'll beat him another time.*

When George didn't respond, he went on. "So, did you tell them?"

"What?" George took a break from eating to look at the blond. "Yeah, right. If I told them about any of this," he gestured between them, scowling at the way Dream's eyes tracked the sandwich in his hands and not his face, "they'd use me for information to take you down. They're still trying to kill you, remember?"

"Well, they aren't doing a great job," the younger man smiled. They were quiet for a few minutes; George was enjoying the comfortable silence the other provided, taking advantage of the peace of their lunch break brought and the warmth the day provided to relax. While he did spend a considerable amount of time wandering alone and away from the other two, it wasn't often that he got a complete break from their never-ending requests. "And what about you?"

"Hm?" George sounded around his food.

"You said *they*. And *still*. Are you not still trying to kill me as well, or have my lovemaking skills convinced you to spare me and reconsider?"

George rolled his eyes at the other's teasing. "Don't sound too happy. You know what they say: it's never too late to change your mind," he said evenly.

Although he'd already responded, the blond's voice replayed in his mind and he caught onto something he'd heard. It didn't matter though. It probably wasn't important, anyway.

*Forget about it.*

*Don't say anything, just ignore it, and—*

He nibbled on a piece of his sandwich's crust. "Is that what we're calling it now?" He asked, keeping his tone light in the case of awkwardness. "Lovemaking?"

*Relax. You can always say it was a joke. It doesn't have to mean anything.*

Dream didn't miss a beat. "Depends."

"On?" George spoke a little too quickly.

Dream smiled lazily, leaning his head against the tree to look at George where they sat side by side. "Is that what you want it to be?"

The hunter stayed quiet for a few seconds, looking at the other who hadn't turned away. He was trying to study him. Trying to read him. He felt his face slowly turn bright red as time went on and Dream continued to stare in return. He even started laughing as the brunette finally looked away, not wanting to be subjected to teasing for his blushing.

"Shut up," George groaned, burying his head on the legs that were pulled up to his chest.

"Aww, you're embarrassed!"

"You'd be the same way if you were in my situation," he responded, his voice muffled where his face was hidden. "Stop wounding my ego."

"Want me to kiss it better?" Dream purred, his head leaning on his hand where his arm rested on his leg.

"Fuck you," George hissed, looking up to glare at the other boy.

"Okay."

"Ew, no," George deadpanned, gesturing toward his lunch. "You smell like beef."

The blond threw his head back against the tree and laughed. "I didn't hear any complaints a few days ago when you had my dick up your—"

George coughed on his food, pulling his hands back to smack Dream while half-screaming at the other man. Dream laughed again and caught his wrists as they came close—*because of course he did*—yanking him forward, leaving their food laying on the grass. It didn't matter though; it was a small price to pay, and there were more important things.

*Like revenge.*

Now, this is the part where if he was anyone else, he might've gotten hurt. Like—seriously hurt. Majorly fucked up. Because for as much time as they had spent with each other, George tended to forget that he knew very little about how Dream actually tended to react in situations not involving sex. Situations like this one.

Given the chance as he was pulled into Dream's body, George did two things to catch Dream off guard: he leaned his body weight forward to tip him over while he still had a death grip holding his wrists together, and he shoved up said hands to push the younger man's mask up and off the rest of his face as he fell back.

The first thing George saw as he landed on top of the younger boy on his back was green eyes.

So, Dream was hot.

Really, really hot.

Also, he was kinda scary when he was mad.

If George was being completely honest, there was a moment after the mask fell to the ground where he wondered for the first time if his worth to Dream outweighed what he'd just pulled. Mostly because after the initial shock had faded, Dream's eyes narrowed and his hands came up—to do what, George wasn't sure.

Now, something needs to be clarified. George wasn't proud of what he did next. He *still* isn't. But panic makes people do desperate things. So when Dream's arms started raising to where he was, George lost all sense of dignity, and he found himself reaching for the closest thing to him as

protection. Which happened to be Dream's lunch on the ground.

It turns out, for all his time spent outsmarting the three hunters, Dream was kind of a dumbass. Forget enchanted swords and complicated traps, Bad and Sapnap should've just thrown meat at his face. The moment it made contact with a *thwap*, it was like he forgot where he was and what was happening because he just thumped his head back onto the ground and dropped his arms to lay there on the grass.

Defeated.

Conquered.

With- With the beef still laying on his face.

They were quiet for a few seconds, and George didn't start running until he laughed. Because as soon as he let out a stifled giggle at the large man lying beneath him motionless with meat across his eyes, Dream made a move to get up. Which was *terrifying*.

His first—and possibly last—lesson of the day was that Dream was fast.

Like 'George had a head-start and Dream was still gaining on him' fast.

After he'd began to run, the brunette barreled out into the hilly plains in front of them, squealing in fear. He looked back to see Dream getting up and throwing the food off himself, the younger man staring at George in place for a couple seconds, looking at him across the field as if to ask "What the fuck just happened?" and "Did you actually just do that?" before taking off after him.

To be fair, Dream handled the whole situation pretty well.

The chase was over quickly, and the only damage the hunter sustained was from the impact of the fall he took after Dream caught up and tackled him to the ground. Even then, he was turned to the side as they fell so that the other took most of the hit, his arms wrapped around the older man to restrain him as he shrieked between giggles.

They laid there for a bit in the grass, warm sun hitting George's front and side with Dream at his back. He was still laughing between wheezes, while Dream only huffed in annoyance behind him, muttering "It's not even that fucking funny" when George didn't stop. He eventually quieted down though, and Dream loosened his hold on the other's arms so he could get comfortable.

*Aww. He's offering peace.*

He continued to lie passively like he had before as George turned around to swing a leg over his middle, pulling himself up to sit on his chest while Dream draped his hands protectively over his hips.

"You're a real asshole, you know that?" The blond stared up at him, glaring affectionately with no actual heat behind his words.

"Me?" George cackled. "You were the one who attacked me first!"

"Woah, woah, woah- I did not attack you! I *restrained* you. You were going to hit me; I merely reacted in self-defense."

"Bullshit!" George yelled, both of them laughing.

*This is... nice.*

*This is really, really nice.*

Once a few moments had passed, their playful squabble came to a close and they eventually settled in the grass where they were. As George took in all that was around them, he leaned his head back and closed his eyes. If he focused on nothing but sound, he could hear birds in the distance; the only other really audible noise was the soft whistle of the wind around them. He could feel that, too. It was cool, a contrast in comparison to the gentle heat of the sun above and the solid warmth of Dream beneath him.

He was... really warm.

George shivered as Dream slipped a thumb under the hem of his shirt to rub at the sensitive skin above his hip in slow circles, his other hand staying in place where it curved slightly around his lower back. The brunette opened his eyes and looked down, seeing Dream staring back at him. Despite already taking his first glance at the younger man, George hadn't really *looked* at him yet.

As mentioned earlier, he was hot. That much was obvious.

But he was also pretty, in both a literal and appreciative way.

The only two things George hadn't been able to see with him fully masked were his eyes and the light spread of freckles across his cheeks, both of which fit him surprisingly well. Rationally, he knew this was the only time he had ever truly processed what Dream fully looked like, but for some reason he felt indifferent about it all. Not in a bad way, though. It was more like he'd never been masked in the first place, like George hadn't cared to know, like he'd have loved him regardless.

*Liked. Like I'd have liked him regardless.*

Pushing away the urge to overthink, he came back to the present, focusing less on the details of Dream's face and more on his expression. The blond was still lying on the ground, looking up at him lazily with a shit-eating grin, his eyes half-lidded; against the impending sun or from staring at George, the older man wasn't sure.

*He's too fucking attractive and he knows it.*

George rolled his eyes, not really caring.

Still feeling the other's thumb rolling gentle shapes into his skin, George reached down to slide his hand over Dream's cheek. It wasn't often that he got to touch freely; not that Dream didn't specifically let him, but moments like these—touching each other without explicit purpose or rush—were rare.

The younger man shut his eyes and let him bring his hand up slowly to brush over his lips. George pushed down on the bottom one experimentally, and, to his surprise, Dream let his jaw go slack, his mouth drifting open as George continued to press down.

He could do it, he realized. Dream would let him.

George bit his lip nervously and slipped a finger into his mouth, testing the waters as he gently rested the tip on his tongue. The other opened his eyes to look at him evenly, his eyes half-lidded again, but he stayed where he was and didn't resist as George slowly pulled his finger out before pushing it back in. This time he slid it back over his tongue, pushing a little farther into the soft



heat of the blond's mouth and adding in another when he didn't object.

He was so warm.

*Is this how he'd feel around me?*

The brunette shivered at the thought, the action causing him to unintentionally grind down on the other. Dream only wrapped his lips around the fingers thrusting slowly into him in response, beginning to suck on them, the hand still moving on his hip the only other thing letting George know he was okay with this. His eyes still stayed on the older boy's, unfaltering as George removed his fingers, trailing them back over his swollen lips as his mouth came to a close.

They were both breathing hard as George slipped his other hand under his jaw, leaning down to kiss Dream, but purposefully missing his mouth. The blond reached up a hand to direct George, but the hunter caught his wrist between their bodies and pushed it down, not harshly, but enough to stop him from doing it again. Once again, to his surprise, Dream obeyed his unspoken command, letting the other take his time.

It was odd to see the him so relaxed; patience really wasn't his strong suit, but yet here he was, waiting for George to give him what he wanted at his own pace.

When the blond let him trail kisses over his freckles—although he rolled his eyes at the sappy action—George dipped back down to his lips, slotting them against his own to move steadily. He let his hand drift down between them to rest on Dream's chest until he got to the bottom of his hoodie, and, at his insistent tugging, Dream got the hint, moving away from the kiss to pull it up and over his head. He snorted, but ultimately lied back down when George shoved him gently at the shoulder.

Knowing he might not get another chance soon, George took his time exploring Dream's body, running his hand down his chest from the definition of his collarbone to his abdomen, the muscles fluttering underneath at the light touch. His skin was smooth; well, mostly, at least. There were a few scars from fights with them on various hunts, and others that George couldn't recognize.

~~If he felt bad, he didn't let Dream know.~~

He brought his other hand up to cup Dream's jaw, the man humming at his touch.

At this point, they were both half-hard; he could feel his own discomfort as well as Dream's pressing against him from behind. Figuring he'd surprise the other, he reached behind him to undo the buttons on the blond's pants, moving from where he'd straddled him to kneel beside, Dream's hands falling to the ground. He raised an eyebrow, but otherwise didn't make a move.

Pulling him out, George wrapped a hand the base, not wasting any time before leaning down to take the head into his mouth. Dream hissed, one hand coming up to squeeze the juncture between his neck and shoulder, but he didn't touch George's head. The brunette continued to mouth at him, running his tongue back and forth gently over the slit as Dream groaned, sliding his hand up to his hair. This time he did push down, though he did lower the pressure when George choked a little, unused to the feeling of the blond's dick moving up and down his throat.

They hadn't really moved past literal fucking yet, though Dream usually paid closer attention to him. George had admittedly received the most in the past, and while that wasn't bad in the slightest, he'd wanted to know how the other would handle being sucked off.

It wasn't long before he came, letting out a soft "George" as he finished. Even while basking in the

afterglow, he reached over to palm over the older boy who whined and thrust into his hand, barely staying still long enough for Dream to stick a hand down the front of his pants and jerk him off. He came soon after with a shaky breath, his hand clenching around a tuft of grass next to him, and he rolled onto his back, tucking his face into Dream's bare chest when the younger man opened his arms.

He sighed, and Dream snorted once again, probably too tired to try and start a fight as he tightened his arms around the smaller one.

It was a good day.

George knew it wouldn't always be like this. There would be many days where Dream would take control and the other two would keep him in their sights. But today was not that day.

Later when they separated for the night at the break in the trees, Dream sat with George for a few minutes, letting him decide when to part ways, his head lying in the other's lap while the noises of the forest at night sounded around them.

"They'll hate me," he whispered, running a hand through Dream's wind-blown hair.

"Let them."

## Chapter End Notes

**\*SLAMS FACE ON TABLE AGAIN\***

**LITERALLY EVERY ONE OF YOU ARE SO NICE LIKE WTF**

i hope you guys are aware that reading your comments is my favorite part of my mornings, and that i appreciate each and every one of you

**ALSO I KEEP SEEING THE SAME PEOPLE IN MY COMMENTS AND IT MAKES ME HAPPY**

**LIKE**

**I BARELY KNOW Y'ALL BUT I RECOGNIZE YOUR NAMES AND PFP AND SDFJDJFKDSLKSFJD**

okie ill stop having a midlife crisis- just know you're all amazing

also im working on chapters for my other fic too, so that's not going away, don't worry!!

i know this one was kinda long- that's because it was originally gonna be split into two parts but i decided not to make y'all wait because i'd rage if i was reading it too

have a safe night beautiful people<3

# Grumpy Gogy Time (Also Dream Got Robbed Lmao)

## Chapter Notes

hi beautiful rats :D

once again, i love all your sweet comments on this fic + i enjoy talking w/ y'all !!

i'll give book update/life update if your interested in end notes

if not, i totally get it + i hope you enjoy!

< i know this chapter is really short, i'll explain a bit at the end >

okie okie bye!!

ily all + remember to squash your enemies with your internalized rage and the heel of your thigh-high crocs <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Of course, there were things neither of them liked about the other.

There had been nights when Dream showed up covered in blood, and Bad came home with a new wound and a story. Or that time where Sapnap wandered a little too far from their tents and somehow made it to Dream's hidden camp, and though he never said anything about it, George knew the blond was suspicious of how his teammate had come so close.

That was the first fight they'd had since the beginning.

Even if it was for the wrong reasons considering the situation at hand, being as one-sided as a fight could be.

He'd had been informed of the situation by Bad and Sapnap before he saw Dream, and George had nearly drowned in his guilt when he'd had to pretend to celebrate that night as they burned his lover's(?) belongings. He saved what he could, but most of what they'd scavenged was useless anyway. By the time Sapnap had run back to camp to inform them to grab their shit and expect a fight, Dream had noticed the movement and packed up almost everything before they arrived.

The next time they met up, things were tense.

Impersonal.

The cave was their designated safe space, one that was away from everything raging on outside. In there, they were just two men and nothing less. More than that, it held a special place in his heart, purely because of the purpose Dream had allowed the place to serve.

Sure, the younger man's habit of sneaking up on him in the middle of the day was endearing, but George had no clue where *he* was. Not for certain, anyway.

So, as cringy as it was, they'd somehow come to the unvoiced knowledge that the cave where everything between them had all started was where George could find him if he wished. He ignored the part of his mind that whispered to him that by doing this, Dream had evened the playing field for them both. Whatever it was that they were right now was no longer a situation based solely on Dream's terms.

George had a say in this.

He'd always had a say.

*"You could've said no, y'know."*

*"Run." "You would've let me." "Yeah. I would've."*

When he arrived though, instead of the warm embraces he'd come expect, he found the blond sitting with his back to the wall, sharpening his sword in cold silence. George stood a few feet away, and they sat there for the better part of ten minutes, the brunette hoping Dream would say something. Anything at all.

He hated waiting. He hated being ignored.

Dream wasn't stupid; he knew George was there, and he was choosing not to acknowledge him. It was harsh.

~~At least he showed up.~~

The hunter ended up speaking first, the words coming out bitter and resentful.

"Just say it already."

In the seconds following, Dream sighed and stopped what he was doing, but he didn't turn to face him. "I don't think you did it."

"Bullshit," George growled.

Dream spoke calmly. "That's not what's going on."

"Then what the hell *is* going on?"

The younger man opened his mouth to respond, but then closed it after a moment. He didn't look angry, just tired, if George was being honest. He almost felt bad before the anger came back to him. It wasn't even that big of a deal, he knew that, but being ignored rubbed him the wrong way.

He didn't come to feel rejected; he'd wanted to check on the other and see if he was okay after the whole camp thing went down. Bad and Sapnap hadn't let him out of the camp until today, deeming it too much of an unnecessary risk with Dream likely being pissed at what little things they'd taken being destroyed.

George didn't like this feeling, whatever it was.

"Say something," he whispered after the other still didn't say anything. Dream just watched him, and, with a hint of hesitation, he reached up a hand to where George was standing, the blond looking patient, but ultimately expectant.

George glared at him and didn't move from his place. He knew he was being stubborn over something stupid, something so minuscule in comparison to what Dream had lost. And, okay, it wasn't like he'd even lost a lot, just a few materials anyone could get for themselves within a few days. But the feeling of vulnerability at having someone invade your home—however makeshift it may be—was jarring nonetheless. Still, the brunette crossed his arms over his chest defensively, standing his ground from where Dream's hand stayed outstretched.

When it became clear that he wasn't going to move any closer, Dream pulled his mask up and off

his face, letting it rest on the floor beside his leg so George could see him. His eyes were as green as they always were, and George realized he had been right about his prediction. The other was definitely tired, and although his eyes were partially masked in an attempt to stop himself from showing any other emotion, the older man thought he looked a little sad at the explicit refusal.

As another moment passed without any success, Dream tried another time.

"George," the blond said softly. "C'mere.

Another couple seconds passed. No movement.

"Please."

Choosing to continue glaring at the other, George took a few steps forward to reach out his hand to meet the one Dream hadn't dropped. At the contact, the taller man gently pulled him down to where the older man crouched beside him, knowing what he wanted but still deciding to be petty before the blond just tugged the other boy into his lap.

In a last act of defiance, George didn't settle like he usually would; while he let Dream move him, he didn't adjust himself to get comfortable against the younger man, staying where he was placed without putting in any real effort. Dream really must have been exhausted because he still didn't say anything or comment on his stubbornness, instead resting one hand on George's waist and another on his thigh, leaning his head against the other's shoulder to let out a breath and relax.

Once a couple of minutes had passed, the brunette's anger started to ebb away a bit, replacing itself with a gentle worry for Dream. He still had his head propped up against the older boy, and although he was halfway asleep, he looked miserable. Concluding that their debatably-fragile bond wasn't worth a fit, George turned himself toward Dream so his face slipped from the harsh jab of his shoulder to his soft chest, wrapping a hand around the back of the blond's neck to support him in the awkward position as best he could.

"Hey," he whispered, leaning down to Dream's ear.

Dream made a soft noise in the back of his throat, but otherwise didn't react.

"Don't ignore me next time."

A pause.

"I really didn't do it."

When he didn't respond, George initially thought the other didn't hear him, but then Dream tilted his head up to press a sleepy kiss to his jaw, returning to his previous spot at the smaller man's chest to nuzzle in further.

"I know."

hello again people

not gonna lie, i haven't really been in the writing mood lately-  
i'm feeling a bit uninspired tbh, so if you guys have any recommendations or  
suggestions for ideas or anything i'd be interested :))  
also finals are this upcoming week (i'm a junior in high school) so i've been deceased +  
haven't had much time

y'all are always really sweet + understanding though, so i don't mind being honest  
but yeahhh- that's the reason why this chapter is so short... i wrote another little tidbit,  
but it only came out to around 1000 words and i think i wanna make it more in depth

also i have a lot of smut for this fic but can't decide how much balance should be  
between segsy timez + romance brr (ngl i have like 5-6 smut chapters started pls help  
me im trYING TO BALANCE)

;-; its a work in progress

OKAY THIS IS LONG AGAIN FUCK

GOODBYE DONT DIE PLEASE + AS ALWAYS I LOVE SEEING Y'ALLS

GORGEOUS CRUSTY FACES IN THE COMMENTS

HAVE A NICE NIGHT + DRINK UR SPAGHETTI <3

# George Can't Handle The Glock Glock 3000

## Chapter Notes

HELLO YOU LOVELY PORK CHOPS

ahhh i've missed writing + talking w/ you guys ;-;  
update: finals went good!! thanks for being patient  
i appreciate it very much + it means a ton :D

not-so-little warning, this is completely smut, from top to bottom  
\*COUGHS\* I SAID SMUT \*COUGHS\*

so if that ain't your thing

first of all wtf are you doing here, i mean ily anyway but please read the fucking tags  
and second, feel free to leave and save yourself

it's not my best work, ngl, but i wanted to slide this in before next chapter (which i  
have mostly written and will probably upload tomorrow :))

THIS ALWAYS ENDS UP TO BE REALLY FUCKING LONG SHITTTT

okay bye bye y'all- don't perish or i'll smack you with a burrito  
i love and appreciate your kindness, + i hope you enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It had been George's turn to take Dream somewhere, and there was no better place to explore with minimal effort than the old remnants of structures that had existed decades ago. It was a village that had once been destroyed and now appeared to the common outsider as a collection of random pillars and half-finished houses with little roofing and no completed surrounding walls.

In other words, it had been like any other day shared between the two of them: one of a kind, and over way too soon.

George found that by the end of the date, he didn't really mind, though.

The ruins were cool, but Dream was better.

They didn't last to night, but they got close.

Dream was in front of George where he'd backed him up into the wall of one of the stone homes he'd shown him today. Being shorter, he could just barely see past Dream's shoulder where he was leaning into him, pushing George back against the rough rocks, and if he squinted his eyes, George could see the beginning of the day's sunset through the cracks in the trees, the colors feeling way too bright against the chill the night started to bring in.

It had been a good day.

George felt his fingers clench against Dream's hoodie as lips reached his collarbone to press teasing

kisses, and he felt more than saw the responding smile. Something like a laugh bubbled up in his chest at the sappy motion, but it came out more shaky than anything. Dream took a step closer to press against him fully, and George made another sound this time, one softer than a moan but louder than a gasp.

Even with the cold rocks behind him, Dream was warm, which George was immensely grateful for right now. The near-night air wasn't doing them many favors. Still, he was warm, and heavy and hot where he pressed into George's thigh, sliding a leg between his own so the older man could grind down.

In the moments following, Dream moved to have his hand around George's throat. And it wasn't that George really minded—like, at all—but for all the times he'd been teased, it was fun to get a reaction out of him. All George had to do was brush one of his hands against the strain in the other man's jeans for Dream's grip to falter, his hips thrusting against the available leg and his hand slipping slowly down to where the brunette's shirt ended and his skin began.

Fuck, he'd missed this.

Over the time they got to know each other, Dream taught George a lot of things.

Little tricks to get him out of a pinch, how to fight dirty—though surprisingly George was able to teach *him* how to formally sword fight—how to touch him, and the ways in which the brunette could get out of a choke hold.

Well, he might have taught himself that. But during times like these, it came in handy, if only for a moment, to get Dream to do what he wanted without asking.

He wasn't the only one, though.

Dream had learned things too. Like how to be patient.

Especially during situations like these when it had been days without seeing the other due to a setback with the hunters or something minor on Dream's end. This time, Bad had lit a tent on fire by accident and they'd needed to save all their belongings and make a new tent preferably before nightfall. Dream had laughed when George told him, but he could tell the blond had been stressed and missed him.

For the reason being of what his body or his conversation provided, George wasn't sure yet.

He wasn't sure he minded right now, either.

Another thing he'd learned... Dream was possessive. Sometimes to a point where George almost couldn't keep up.

Times like now.

George's hips stuttered against the bulk of Dream's abdomen as the younger man rolled a nipple between his fingers, shoving up the shirt with his hand and teasing the other with his mouth.

George wouldn't admit it—and he had a feeling the other knew anyway—but he loved it when Dream did this. It was... intimate? That was probably the closest word to what he could relate it to.

A lot of things had changed since the day in the cave, but others would always stay the same. Dream was still huge, and strong, and it was no secret he could overpower George any time he liked, so when he leaned down to do something, *anything*, it was like a reminder that he cared.



That George could back out any time he liked.

Plus, the control was nice, even if it was limited.

George ran one hand through Dream's hair and rested the other on his shoulder for balance. He didn't want to fall. Not that it would really matter.

Even if he slipped, Dream would catch him.

Dream was gentle for a while; sucking softly and running his tongue over the peaks as George continued to play with his hair, making soft noises but nothing more. He figured the action was less for pleasure and more to just feel George beneath him, but it felt good nonetheless. He got rougher after a minute, though, biting the tiniest bit, and the blurred line he drew between pleasure and almost pain made George pant.

It wasn't the first time Dream had done this, though he'd never gone too far to the point that George pushed him away. George guessed it was some form of jealousy—of Sapnap, Bad, or someone else, he didn't know—but he never asked, and Dream didn't mention it.

Or maybe he was overthinking the whole thing and Dream just tended to get aggressive at random moments.

Either way, he was insatiable, only quitting once George's nipples were red and swollen and hot to the touch after all the attention. And even though it never hurt him—not *really*—Dream always slowed down at the end to soothe the abused flesh with his tongue in what George could only assume was guilt.

It would make sense.

Dream had first jerked him off in the cave only once he'd handled George rougher than he'd deemed okay, so he supposed this too was his form of apology.

Still, he whined when Dream pulled back from him and he felt the cold of the air against his sensitive chest. Closing his eyes and leaning his head back against the stones, George let his weight fall partially on the thigh between his own, trusting Dream could handle it, and on the wall behind him. With the other kissing his jaw, George focused on the solid heat of Dream's dick straining through his pants to press against where his legs were spread.

There was... a lot going on.

And suddenly, everything was hot and cold at the same time, and he wanted more, but the world was getting a lot less defined as the seconds went on, and if he made a noise he probably wouldn't know because focusing was getting a lot harder. And *fuck*, George felt kind of lost and confused, but Dream was there with his hand gripping his waist and the other was- gone? Did it matter? He didn't really care.

Dream was here, and he would take care of him, and it was okay.

Eyes still closed, George heard a zipper being pulled down, but he didn't realize it was his until a hand palmed at him through his boxers, pulling them down. He opened his eyes just fast enough to see Dream get on his knees and take him into his mouth.

Fisting his hands against the rocks, he heard himself let out something like a cry and a whine at the same time and thrust unconsciously into the warmth. George felt more than heard Dream choke, a large hand coming up to his bare hip to keep him still against the wall, but Dream continued.

And after that? The rest of the time was a haze.

George must have finished because while he really didn't remember much when he came to, he felt... good? There was a pleasurable buzz all throughout him, like the after-effects of an orgasm without the actual completion. It occurred to him vaguely that he might have passed out during that part.

Not quite back yet, he felt something soft and moved his hand, feeling what had to be Dream's hair between his fingers. He must have moved his hand at some point.

Was he still kneeling?

George glanced down to see that Dream was, in fact, still kneeling in front of him. The blond was smirking, his lips red and swollen, but his eyes were soft where they were staring back at him, looking dangerously close to what George had to place as an amused adoration.

It couldn't have been too long since he came, though, George reasoned. Dream wouldn't still be on his knees if that were the case.

Pressing a kiss to his thigh, Dream stood up, his hands holding George up while he regained his... well, everything. At any other time, he'd be embarrassed at his lack of composure, but that required more brain work than he could currently offer, so George settled with hoping everything was okay. Worried for a second that Dream might not have finished, he glanced down but saw a wet patch on the front of the other's pants, and George snorted.

When Dream flicked him on the shoulder either to get his attention or show his annoyance at the noise, he made a noncommittal noise.

"You good?" Dream chuckled when George didn't respond in words.

George only pulled Dream's body over his own so he was hidden from the cold as much as possible. And maybe to hide his smile, but Dream didn't need to see that right now.

"Yeah." His head thumped forward against Dream's chest where he stayed.

He smelled nice.

*Familiar.*

"I'm good."

## Chapter End Notes

hi again :D

idk if i don't like this chapter as much just because the next one is sweeter, but eh it was meant to show their progression in the relationship (Dream kinda putting himself in a vulnerable spot for George, etc)

i always feel bad i can't talk to y'all outside of when you guys comment ;-;  
i almost wanna make a tumblr/insta or something but i would be ~ l o s t ~  
all i do is art + i write on here, so that's not really enough to keep interaction up  
anyway

\*sobs in y'all being nice and me being happy\*

anywho, i missed you all, esp. the few of you i know by name or pfp + i hope you all have a lovely christmas (or hanukkah if that's your jam)

!!also!! this series may be coming to a close soon ?? i don't really know yet, tbh there's at least a solid 3-4 more chapters, so don't worry too much, but i don't wanna drag this idea on for too long and burn it out, if that makes sense  
plus i have other ideas for this ship (royalty au, pirate au, though nothing is set in stone and i'm still deciding if i want to do those, let alone make a series out of it rather than a one-shot or collection)

i will still be updating my other fic (Be Fucking Patient), so you don't need to stress about that either, but i might be focusing on this one for a couple days  
i'm kinda writing these on the go (also usually at 12-2 am) and i still feel bad about not clarifying the age gap in the first couple chapters for that fic (although a few of you really good readers caught it and i'm really impressed) so i'm trying my best to make things clear and look ahead for future chapters  
**BUT ALSO NOT TAKE THIS TOO SERIOUSLY SO IT STOPS BEING FUN**

i just need to learn how to manage stuff :)  
okay this is super fucking long once again my mORTAL ENEMY IS MYSELF-  
i love you guys + i send my affections  
stay safe and commit crimes <3

# Splish Splash Boi

## Chapter Notes

good morning lovely people !!

i figured i'd just go ahead and post this chapter because i've been MIA the past week :)  
it kinda has two parts to it, so this is the first + i'm still working on the second

enjoy (or don't, free will and all) <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"I don't want to do this."

There weren't a ton of things George didn't like.

He was open to most of the stupid adventures Dream dragged him on, and he wasn't the type of person to complain when shit needed to get done. Also, being on a team with Sapnap and Bad meant he'd had to learn to be patient, and he took more than a little pride in the fact that he was probably the most rational hunter out of the three of them.

But when it came to Dream—he could stand to argue a bit.

"Stop being dramatic and get your ass over here," Dream laughed.

Frowning, George crossed his arms over his chest and walked slowly to where the blond was jogging away to the end of the old dock. When Dream said "fun vacation getaway", his expectations were obviously low, but this—ew. Just ew.

Luckily, the lake and surrounding area could be considered abandoned. Whoever had primarily used the poor excuse for a pier had been gone a long time, and there was nothing particularly interesting that stood out to draw attention to it. No one really roamed around this land anyway, that is, besides him, Sapnap, Bad, and, of course, Dream. Even then, the other two didn't come here to George's knowledge. They had pretty regular schedules they followed that were boring—but dependable—enough for him to sneak away and see Dream for good amounts of time.

Point was: if they ever came to this place, neither one ever mentioned it.

But more importantly, this place had been Dream's idea. George knew Dream wouldn't have brought him if he wasn't sure it would be secure, even if he'd had no clue what a shitty view George had of the lake.

He ignored the little whisper in his mind that informed him how this was another tally on the board proving he and Dream were fuck-buddies and nothing more. He had to admit some part of that was

right though.

Dream knew a lot of things.

He may know how George liked him to slow down at the end before he came, and he could probably point out the sounds he made while coming from a multitude of others, but in the end, what did that really mean? He couldn't tell him his favorite color or childhood memory, nor any of his fears.

And he certainly wouldn't know that George didn't like water.

"So, what now?"

Dream looked up at him from where he was crouched at the end of the dock, George standing back a few feet away. He reached an arm behind his head.

"Now," Dream grabbed the back of his shirt—he'd lost the hoodie a few hours ago; it was really fucking hot—and pulled it over his head in a smooth motion. "We strip."

George looked away, pretty sure Dream had caught his blush, but attempted to hide it nonetheless.

*Show off.*

He leaned further down to untie his boots, snorting when George didn't make a move to undress.

"Let's go, oh mighty hunter. It's only gonna get hotter outside."

"Tough. I'll pass," George responded dryly. "You're welcome to go ahead, though."

Sighing, and making a scene of staring at George in disappointment until he almost walked off the wood beneath them, Dream twisted around at the last second to dive in, spraying George with a decent amount of water.

He considered telling the other off, but decided against it. Dream looked like he was actually enjoying himself; he was floating upside down with his back exposed to the sun, probably as an incentive for George to jump in and save him—*fucking idiot*—and George really couldn't deny that the coolness the water provided was nice against the heat.

Besides, if he was enjoying the view Dream's drowning figure provided of his ass, no one could prove it.

Eventually, George came to sit on the end of the dock where Dream had jumped off, the wood a little wet from the same spray, but bearable enough that he could sit without being uncomfortable. It wasn't too long before he ditched his shoes to stick his feet in the water, ignoring Dream's triumphant "Whoop!" from further down the lake as he got closer to getting in. Not that he would, though.

That was a huge no-no.

After a few minutes, he was laying down on his back with an arm over his eyes to block out the sun, debating taking off his shirt too—Dream wasn't kidding; it really was only going to get hotter. Still-

"George!" Dream called from over in the water.

*So clingy.*

George rolled his eyes.

Groaning, he sat up to look at Dream where he was wading closer—stop looking at his arms—but as he did, George saw something moving near the tree line in the corner of his vision. He pulled one leg up to rest on the edge of the wooden structure and squinted a little more, but he didn't see anything else.

*Weird.*

Animals were common in this area, so it wasn't *that* concerning, but it definitely caught him unprepared. Even for an animal attack, sitting down barefoot on a one-way pier wasn't exactly ideal for defense, and it for the first time in a while, it made him consider someone finding them like this.

Well, finding them regardless.

George turned his head slowly to the other, hearing him approach, but he still kept his eyes on the trees. "Hey, Dream... "

"So, you gonna get in, or what?"

George snapped his head over quickly; Dream was a lot faster than he realized.

The younger man pulled himself up partly onto the deck, braced by his arms half-way out of the water next to George's legs where he sat. "C'mon, it's boring in here if you don't get in. It's like, the whole point we came here."

"I don't want to swim."

"Trauma?" Dream teased.

"Lack of interest."

"George, *please*." He pushed up so he could get in a more comfortable position on the dock. "Get in."

Dream tipped his head to the side in what George assumed was a pout. He really wasn't gonna let this go.

*Hmmm...*

"Mask."

"What about it?" Dream responded easily.

"It comes off," George smiled a little too sweetly.

*He won't take me up on that.*

It hadn't been too long since their tumble in the forest clearing when George had gotten to see his face, but despite how well that day went, Dream wasn't too adamant on taking off the mask. It wasn't like he had strict boundaries with it, though; he tolerated the handful of times George had taken the initiative to pull it off during sex to see him.

Which was very nice.

George found that he liked seeing Dream's eyes, seeing his expressions. He liked anything and everything that made him appear more human and less untouchable than the person Sapnap and Bad were convinced he was. They talked about him like he was a half-mortal deity, something sacred and fallen that was as unshakably violent as he was heartless instead of the absolutely brainless idiot he was 98% of the time.

Not that it was purely their fault.

They'd never laid beneath him with his mouth on their skin or his eyes on their body. They didn't know what it was like to feel secure walking in the woods knowing Dream was a call away, if not already watching.

They didn't know how he looked when he smiled.

They didn't know he had freckles.

Still, Dream had never unmasked himself, and it's not like someone needed anything more than common sense to figure out why.

"Okay."

George snapped his attention back to Dream.

*Wait—*

Dream shoved himself back down into the water, floating on his back to drift a few feet away from where George sat. He then moved to bring one arm out to the side and keep himself afloat while the other pulled his mask up and off his face. The blond shook his wet hair out as best as he could while on his back and with his head only inches above the water, running part of the hand holding the mask through it and shooting George a smug grin when he caught him staring.

"Ha!" Dream still smiled at him. "You're fucked now."

"Ugh," George groaned, bringing his legs up to his chest, wrapping his arms around them. "I don't wanna..." he grumbled, cutting himself off.

Dream swam back over to him, placing the mask on the dock, but not pulling himself back up like before. He hovered in front of George, peering up at him over his legs.

"So it *is* trauma," Dream eyed him playfully. "You almost drown as a kid or something?"

George glared down at him. "No."

"Then what's going on? 'Cause you're obviously hot," Dream eyed him up and down, and he wiggled his eyebrows. When George's glare only intensified, he continued on. "But seriously, it's hot as fuck. And there's literally no way you're too shy to strip in front of me by now. So what's up?"

Dragging a hand down his face and looking away from Dream, George hissed, "If you make fun of me, I'll never forgive you."

Dream brought his hand up to his head as best he could staying afloat and shot him a salute. "Scout's honor. Better yet—you can drown me if you get in."

At the jest, George shot him a weak smile, and they both stayed where they were for a few

moments, Dream patiently waiting for his reasoning.

George sighed.

*Never admit weaknesses to your enemies.*

~~*Guess he isn't an enemy then, huh?*~~

"I can't swim."

George looked up to see a look of surprise flash over Dream's face before he shot it down quickly, going for a grin instead. He almost looked... excited?

"Let me teach you."

*Oh, fuck no—*

Knowing what was coming next, George scrambled to get up and away from the end of the pier right as Dream gripped the edge to start pulling himself up.

At his reaction, Dream barked a laugh. "George, what—"

"Stay!" His voice cracked in light panic.

He knew Dream wasn't going to hurt him or use the information to his advantage, but it was still a little nerve-wracking to be that close to the water *and* have him come closer at the same time.

Dream looked up at him and flipped his head to the right to get rid of wet hair sticking to his forehead, but he obeyed, flopping down halfway out the water like he did earlier. When George saw he wasn't going to make a move and drag him in, he crept toward Dream slowly, gesturing for him to get back into the lake fully.

To his credit, Dream didn't roll his eyes or pout; he just let go of his grip on the wood and slid in with an unceremonious "shwish", floating on his back to look at George from the side. George sat back down on the end of the dock, still a little tense.

"So how do we do this?" Dream asked, keeping himself moving in slow half-circles around George.

"We don't."

Dream blinked up at him. "George, you do realize that you not knowing how to swim is like, super dangerous, right?"

"Really? I had no clue." At Dream's lack of response, but tilted smile—ugh, disgusting—George went on. "Look, I appreciate you wanting to teach me, but—"

His voice faltered as Dream swam up to the dock once again, crossing his arms and resting his head on them to look up at George from the side.



"Trust me?"

## Chapter End Notes

soooo umm yeah!!

i hope you all are having a good morning/night + as always, i love and adore all your comments, so don't be afraid to reach out :D  
stay safe + segsy, beautiful rats <3

# George Ain't No Simp (Or Is He)

## Chapter Notes

heyo :)

i'll be explaining a little bit in the end notes, just in case you don't understand what's going on, but of course, that's just optional and you might not even need it  
also there's two little things you may not have caught, but if you're just reading this casually + aren't invested, you probably won't care (it's okay, i love you dudes too)

anyway, i hope you all enjoy :D  
take care + stay segsy, guys <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He almost regretted it.

Almost.

*"Trust me?"*

When he didn't back away, Dream moved to float in front of him, and he slowly lifted his arms out of the water to brush behind George's hanging legs. He almost panicked and pulled away, but Dream's hands just stayed bracing them and didn't pull, so he decided against it.

Watching his expression, George could see Dream was waiting on him again.

It was weird.

Part of him thinks it should be normal by now, but with the way Sapnap and Bad talk about him at camp, another part of George is still surprised when Dream's so patient. He doesn't know why he even bothers to hesitate trusting him anymore.

That's a lie.

He feels a small pang of guilt.

*You know why.*

Not that it really matters.

*If he was going to kill me, now would be the time.*

It would be ridiculously easy, too.

Dream beat him in height, weight, strength, almost everything considered desirable for winning

physical fights. Even if he didn't know George couldn't swim, all he'd have to do is tug on his legs to pull him down into the water and hold his head under until he drowned.

George swallowed. He was being paranoid.

Dream wouldn't do that.

This was the same Dream who likes to cuddle after sex and whines if George doesn't play with his hair when he gets tired. He's the dork who sneaks food into his tent if George doesn't have time to eat before the day is over, and who has uncomfortably strong opinions on why he prefers waffle hand-holding to pancake.

But...

This was also the same Dream that killed Bad a few months ago.

Bad, who puts a smile on his face and gives out free hugs to George when he doesn't necessarily need them. Bad, who talks constantly about his long-lost boyfriend, Skeppy, and blushes at the mention of marriage; George knows Skeppy plans on asking him when they see each other next, but Bad isn't aware yet. Bad, who still hasn't quite gotten over the touch of Dream's sword and wakes up in feverish sweats after the bad memory.

Or that's what he wants them to believe.

Months back, before he and Dream had ever stumbled into that cave, Bad and George were on a watch together. They had been new to the land, and were paranoid about every whisper in the woods—Bad even more so after being killed by Dream—but the company of one another made it bearable. It was one of the few times George had felt like they were something more than a team; more than friends, but less than brothers.

Bad had been so optimistic at the time, but kind of twitchy, too, so George talked with him while they waited, even if just as a last-ditch effort to make the other man more comfortable. He told Bad about his parents, his family and old pets, digging up any and every old, funny memory to give back the same happy energy Bad gave out.

And Bad?

Bad matched him tooth-for-nail in showing parts of himself he'd hidden away. But not in the way George expected.

He dug out the worst pieces of himself in that time, and George almost wished he hadn't tried so hard to make him happy. To be so *honest*. Because Bad told him everything, leaning on his shoulder as he recounted how it felt to have Dream kill him. That part was okay; Sapnap had warned him Bad might break down sooner or later, so he expected this out of a conversation at some point.

What George didn't expect was an apology.

He apologized for lying to them, and he begged George not to tell Sapnap, claiming he didn't want to make a big deal out of it, and that it wasn't even all that important.

It might've been the only time George was angry at Dream. *Truly* angry, and not just annoyed at him for being too smart to fall for their tricks or at the failure of their latest attack.

Because apparently Dream didn't *just* kill Bad.

He snapped his fucking neck.

Death is death, that much is obvious, but when he remembers that night, all George can see is the way Bad cried when he described the feel of Dream's hands against his throat before the twist.

George almost understands. End by a sword is admirable; it's respectable. But there's something intimate and vulnerable about letting someone get close enough to do what Dream did. He doesn't think he'd be able to get over something like that.

But Bad is stronger than he looks, and he's gotten better since then.

It's not like it all went away; he still has dreams about it, and he refuses to cross the river where it happened, but he's become less anxious when they roam the woods. George takes special care to hug him around the waist now. He doesn't want to get too close to his neck in case Bad... remembers.

George wishes he knew less and could do more.

He also wonders if Dream knows he knows. Or if he cares.

Dream was just watching him.

All he'd done in the last minute where George had been making up his mind was shift forward to press his cheek against the other's leg, his hands still holding behind as an invitation.

To what, though? Dream didn't really expect him to just get into the water and hope the blond could support them both.

*Right?*

Not that *that* would be a problem. Dream had held him way too many times for George to worry about his ability to hold their weight. Granted, it had usually been up against a wall for more motivated reasons and not in water, but still.

"We don't have to do anything if you don't want to, George," Dream whispered against his leg.

His voice was soft and unrushed, and George felt it more than heard it.

*"We". When did it become "we" and not "you"?*

*What are we?*

George glanced down.

If only Bad and Sapnap could see him now.

Dream looked almost comically harmless leaning against him in the lake with his wet hair and closed eyes. He looked relaxed. Like he was happy and satisfied just being around George, even if he was fucking up their nice day.

George traced his eyes over the blond's exposed face, making the most of his ill-fated deal.

Fuck.

He was *so* pretty.

*Ugh...*

This wasn't smart.

"If you fucking drop me..." George tapered off, sighing before pulling off his shirt and lifting the leg Dream wasn't resting against up and onto the deck. He was going to regret swimming in jeans, but it's not as if he was going to be caught dead skinny-dipping in the open sun.

Besides, Dream would suffer with him through the discomfort later, and, if they finished up early and he got lucky, George wouldn't need clothes for what they would be doing anyway.

*Don't think about Bad. Don't think about Bad.*

He glanced down to watch as Dream grinned up at him and pressed a swift kiss to the inside of his calf right below his knee. When George started to untie his shoes, Dream moved to keep himself afloat with his legs and reached forward to do the same with the foot in front of him.

"You didn't answer the question," he spoke quietly. Dream didn't sound offended, just factual, like it was any normal statement with no strings attached.

He wasn't wrong, though.

*"Trust me?"*

George had hoped he'd let it go.

He knew he was probably overreacting, but putting his life in the hands of his questionable lover wasn't exactly his idea of fun. Not that it was personal. Putting his life in *anyone's* hands wasn't fun.

Especially Dream's.

God, his *hands*.

An image flashes in his mind; Dream holding him, gentle, yet firm as he slides into George.

He should probably be embarrassed by how naturally the picture comes to him.

It's no secret that he likes the feeling of Dream, and his hands are just another reason for why George should stay. He's never had a thing for certain body parts before, and to be fair, he isn't even sure that's what's going on with this either. Depending on the day, his focus consistently switches from one part of Dream to another; at first it was his bulk—the size difference between them was undeniably appealing, even in the beginning—and then his eyes, freckles, and jaw.

If he had to guess, the thing George had developed with his hands had come sometime prior to the last two. Before he knew what was under the mask, Dream had hardly stripped—the day in the grass had been one of the first times he'd seen Dream undressed from the waist up at all—and consequently, unless he pulled up his mask to reach his mouth, there had only been his hands and his dick available.

By this point, he knew both of them well, and, like the other features Dream possessed, George liked to limit his descriptive emotion toward them as nothing more than appreciation.

That said, liking his dick was easy.

However, he'd be lying for sure if he said he'd never fixated on Dream's hands.

Hands that have held him.

*Hands that killed Bad.*

Regardless, the scene takes no effort to imagine, and in this situation, George is glad for the tangible reminder of how secure Dream makes him feel, but he's also a little put off. The fact that George can almost feel his touch from memory and experience is almost concerning.

And he's committed a *lot* of Dream to memory.

*I'm in way too deep.*

Another picture comes; Dream cradling his face, hands still gentle—~~always gentle~~—and smile soft as he shoves him under the murky lake water until it clouds over his vision and there's nothing left but dust.

Just... dust.

*Yikes...*

George isn't religious by any means, but he does believe in creation. Where people come from, they'll return, back to the dirt and earth.

But Dream won't send him there.

He wouldn't do that.

As the silence drags on between them, Dream a constant weight at his feet, George feels that the world is cruel for doing this to him.

It's kind of funny, if he can humble himself to look beyond his own fear.

George is scared of water.

*Water.*

He wished not for the first time that he was afraid of something else, something worse, something faster and brighter.

Like fire.

It's an unpopular opinion, but fire is dangerous, and he hates it, but not anywhere near as much as he does water. Because fire doesn't pretend to be something it isn't.

*Sound familiar?* Something in him taunts.

It burns, and it burns, and it takes, and it takes, but it never lies. It's honest, up to the point where it ends someone.

Water doesn't do that.

Water comforts people.

*Until it doesn't.*

Water makes promises it can't keep. It holds people in their last moments, embracing them from all

sides. It makes their panic bleed into calm, and it tricks them into relaxing and accepting their future.

And George hates that calm more than anything else.

So, yeah—he'd prefer fire.

It wasn't always this way, though.

He used to be afraid of the flames. But he got burned one day when he was a kid by dropping a piece of coal onto his thigh while smelting. After that, it was like the worst was over, and the fear he'd had before was gone.

He'd *surpassed* it.

It didn't leave a pretty mark, though.

Dream has seen the scar, has thumbed over it and pressed his lips to the raised skin in the moments when he takes his time.

He's been doing that more often recently, and it makes George worried.

Dream touches him like always, but when their eyes meet, that green stare only he's been allowed to see looks closer to love than he'd prefer.

George blinks, feeling strong hands tapping behind his knees, and Dream brings him back for the second time with a touch. Comforting him.

*Grounding* him.

God, this shouldn't be so confusing.

George thinks he loves him.

At the very least, he hopes he does. He knows he wants to keep the feeling Dream provides him, unspoken security and undivided loyalty he won't be able to find anywhere else.

But George also fucking hates him.

He hates him for what he did to Bad.

He hates him for making everything look so easy. So *effortless*.

When he fights, it's like a dance he's perfected for fun, and when he fucks, it's almost like he cares.

George wouldn't know how to handle that if it was true.

He tries not to think about it. It just makes him tired, the two sides of him fighting constantly in a savage attempt to convince him of what he wants and should do.

*Is it really so hard to believe he wants you?*

*Stay with him and you'll end up like Bad.*

Dream coughs.

George still hasn't answered.

"How do you want to do this?" he whispers down, ignoring his previous question.

"Trust me?" Dream repeats, his stare even, but his eyes not unkind.

No.

"Yes."

It's probably a good thing George didn't really have time to panic, because by the time he realized that Dream was actually going to hold him in the water, he was already in the blond's lap. He immediately started scrambling for a hold on Dream's shoulders once he was fully submerged from the upper chest down, but the asshole just laughed.

It sounded a little forced.

He almost made a jump for the deck, but then George felt the grip on his thighs shift so Dream was *really* holding his weight for a second to lift him up and let him wrap his legs around his waist. He had to admit, even if he got there begrudgingly, the position was way more comfortable once he was settled.

Also, it helped him ensure that if he was going down, Dream was coming with him.

After that, it was... nice.

Dream kicked back from the pier, and George clung to him like a second skin, but Dream didn't seem to really mind. He only took the opportunity to grab at George's ass before slipping an arm under to "support" him while George slid his arms around his neck to "support" himself in return.

And hey—if it looked like a passive-aggressive choke hold, who would tell?

They waded around like that, Dream balancing George on his lap and holding him up out of the small waves, and, as much as he despised the idea of it, he wasn't too stubborn to admit that the water was a better alternative to the hot wood.

Plus, it was still heatstroke season, and George deemed himself too sexy to die.

Much to his surprise, Dream is relatively quiet for the rest of the time, and George can't help but think it's because of how long it took him to answer his question. But it's Dream, and George would bet money that someone like him wouldn't get hurt over something as cheesy and sentimental as trust.

*He likes flower crowns, but only if he gets to make them himself.*

*He gets worried when you don't make it home before dark, and he'll lead you back if you're lost.*

*There's a blond kid he talks about becoming the next great hero that lives villages away, and even though you both know what that entails, he's more supportive than jealous.*

George smiles.

Dream doesn't meet his eyes.

Sometimes he feels more human than George does.

By the time they're done, so is the day, and although he wants to do nothing more than complain about wanting to stay, one of the little things George can appreciate at this time is watching the sky



bleed for him and Dream. Bad and Sapnap are headed back now to the camp—if they ever even left at all—and with the sun fading like this, anyone watching them would be slowly blinded by it before seeing absolutely nothing.

This time is for the two of them.

No one can touch them at this hour.

And that's how their day ends.

The sky is gorgeous, Dream even more so, and George wants to stay here forever. That's the only bad thing about their days together: every place he goes with Dream becomes theirs. The cave is now his safe haven, the grass field something sacred he wants to keep between the two of them, and the ruins don't feel as cold as they used to.

A big part of him wants to relive everything that just happened and address what's eating Dream, but an even bigger part of him wants to forget.

Even he can see that it's little cruel, but he really can't find it in himself to care right now.

The moon is high by the time George pads over to the camp where his teammates are already fast asleep, and he looks behind him to see a shadow at the trees.

Dream always waits for him, and George always looks back.

Dream doesn't turn back before him; he never has, and George has a feeling he never will.

Fuck.

Things weren't supposed to turn out this way.

Dream was supposed to get all the romantic stuff out of his system, and they were either supposed to break shit off or make it work.

It makes him feel sick.

George likes the attention. He likes the affection, and the safety, and the feeling of being craved.

But he really hopes Dream doesn't love him, because he honestly doesn't know if he can love him back. And Dream really doesn't deserve that.

When he kneels down in the safety of his tent, the only prayers George says are for their little push-and-pull charade to never lose its spark, and for Dream to want him for just a little while longer.

*"George, you do realize that you not knowing how to swim is like, super dangerous, right?"*

George almost laughs, and he knows it's because somehow Dream made that warning sound like a promise.

He's not scared—hasn't been since he was younger and had something to lose—but there is an edge to the idea of that future making an appearance that he's unused to.

George feels another laugh bubble up, and he doesn't bother stopping it this time.

It's okay to laugh.

Even he finds it a little ironic how the very thing that gives him life might just be the same one to take it away.

## Chapter End Notes

okay so

if you get what's going on, GREAT-- YOU'RE DISMISSED  
SEE YOU NEXT TIME, LOVELY <3

if you don't, that's okay + it's probably on me for not writing it clearly enough, but i didn't wanna make it overkill by explaining it too much  
it was kinda meant to be confusing, but also not?? like i wanted it to be clear what's going on but not too much because this story is from George's perspective, and he is an unreliable narrator + currently confused

basically, George is having a mid-life crisis because Dream legitimately likes him but he doesn't know if he likes him back (he doesn't want to lose him, obviously, but his whole situation w/ sap and bad doesn't really leave him with much of an option)

also- just in case it didn't get noticed

fire and water (other than actual use in the story) was meant to signify Dream and George

bc Dream is like- violent, but he also doesn't regret what he's done  
whereas George is just as dangerous, but in his eyes he's deceiving Dream and hurting him, but Dream doesn't realize  
hence the whole thing where "oh, water's a liar + does just as much damage just slower" and "fire's also a raging bitch, but they don't give af"

and the thing w/ the hands is-

YEAH OKAY WE'VE ALL COLLECTIVELY THOUGHT THE MERCH PHOTOS WERE NICE BC OF THE HANDS

but also george is like- falling in love with parts of Dream that others (Bad) have good

reason to hate

and then the part w/ the flower crowns + all that is meant to show that he's not just in it for his body + he genuinely sees the small parts of Dream, etc.

\*COUGHS\* I HOPE THIS MADE SENSE

BUT ALSO NOT TOO MUCH BECAUSE THEN IT'D BE BORING + THERE'D BE NO ~ FLAVOR ~

m'kay, bye bye, y'all :)

goodnight <3

# Parkour Master 2000, Is That You?

## Chapter Notes

WE'RE BACK AYEEEEEE >:D

y'all have been hella patient, so thank you, and here's the long awaited chapter, hehe this is kinda an arc in the story with multiple parts, so i'll try to get them out close to one another, but we'll see.

as normal, i'll be talking more in the end notes, but if you're reading to jump in too, that's cool, and i'll see you in the next chapter!!

ALSO IM KINDA CACKLING BC I JUST SAW MARKXETHAN AS A RELATIONSHIP TAG IN THIS FIC'S TAGS AND I'VE LIKE- NEVER SHIPPED THEM, WRITTEN FICS ABOUT THEM, OR EVEN LOOKED UP THEM IN ANY SEARCH ENGINE BUT FOR SOME REASON THIS WAS IN MY TAGS IM-IDK IF IT WAS A GLITCH OR SOME SHIT BUT THAT ENDED ME  
also memento mori ;-;

goodbye, lovely rats :)

i hope you enjoy this, remember to drink milk so you become as ripped as Buffsuki, and squash your enemies <3  
STAY SEGSY, MORTAL

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They didn't talk about whatever happened between them at the lake.

In hindsight, George really hadn't wanted to, and he assumed Dream probably didn't feel like they needed to either, lest he would've brought it up in conversation. And, as he'd obviously deemed it wasn't important enough to address, George didn't bother stressing about it after the first time it passed his mind.

Because it wasn't that important.

Everything was fine.

George still had a shadow in the woods, and Dream still showed up behind him at the trees every night to make sure he made it home safe.

Things were normal.

And okay—if Dream smiled a little less and laughed a little quieter around him in the following days, it didn't really matter. Because he might not be doing *great*, but he was still there, and George was not about to fuck stuff up between them just to make Dream feel better about his stupid crush.

That lasted about two days before he fell off the face of the earth.

Sure—it was big exaggeration, but to be fair, Dream was avoiding him, and George was absolutely fucking *pissed*.

He could tell the younger man was still watching him from a distance—George was starting to think he seriously had a sixth sense for knowing when Dream was around—but he stopped popping in. He stopped making an appearance in George's life, stopped asking how he was doing or moving up behind him to start something George knew he'd finish, and, after the fourth day away from the lake, his little disappearing act was starting to become annoying.

That's what he was going with, at least.

Annoying.

Because it wouldn't make sense for it to be anything else.

It's not like they were *together*.

Dream was infatuated with him purely because he could have him. Because George *let him* have him.

And George? The attention made him feel powerful.

*Irreplaceable*.

Each of them gained something from one another, and that's the only way this *thing* worked between them. It was a stupid game they both knew the other was playing, so why did George feel like he was cheating?

He was overreacting. He just had to be patient.

George knew Dream would come running back eventually.

He always did.

A few good things came out of this, though.

The time he spent around Sapnap and Bad increased, which made him less suspicious—or more, if the instant change in his schedule was noticed beyond surface glance—but while it in itself wasn't particularly bad, it definitely signified something more.

George was lonely.

Or bored.

Probably bored. He liked that better.

But whatever the feeling was, it really wasn't going away like he'd expected it to—*like you wanted it to, you mean*—and it was making him want to do some impulsive shit to vie for Dream's attention again.

Like "wander off to their cave to find Dream and make him fuck him until the guilty itch went away" impulsive shit.

Not that George had gone there to find him. He wasn't that desperate.

He knew the blond would be there—he'd always been there when George needed to find him, and there was no reason Dream would change the rules of the game now—but Dream would make his own way to him once he'd gotten whatever brooding or pining out of his system.

Until then, George would simmer in his rage of being tossed away like a tool, and wait for the time that he could see Dream again so he could ignore him.

Because, yeah, he might really miss him—*boredom would've been a lot better; keep telling yourself that's what's going on*—but he wasn't about to let things go back to normal as soon as Dream got back.

George sighed.

He'd held this sword dozens of times before. It wasn't anything special by nature; it was small—it looked more like a generous knife than a sword, if he was being honest—and made of common iron, making it immediately less valuable both for monetary means and battle status. Dream could probably afford better, but that was besides the point.

Or maybe that was the point.

George ran his fingers over the edge until it—the sword? knife?—dipped down to the handle. That seemed to be the only unique part of it, copper vines embellishing the space where cloth wrapping should be for a better grip in fights.

He eyed the pretty tool Dream had given him as a random gift in the beginning of their arrangement. George didn't want to acknowledge his theory, but it was present and not going away any time soon.

What if it wasn't a random gift?

A weapon heavily unsuited for battle, both in size and composition, as well as having decorative detail that outlied the option of easy use. In every way that mattered, it was useless.

That is, if it had been meant for use.

He had to face the facts.

The sword was pretty. And, more importantly, it was nothing else but pretty.

George sighed again, leaning back against the ground of his tent, the blade still balanced in his hands.

*This isn't fair.*

*I never wanted to be courted.*

Bad had been wanting an enchantment table for quite some time now.

It was a smart move; buying enchanted tools and armor all separately was insanely expensive for one person, let alone three, so building one of their own was something they probably should've done a long time ago. The only problem was how much of a pain in the ass the required materials would be to get.

They already had diamonds—remember when Dream chilled with George in the mine a couple of months ago when he was looking for gold? George went back there and found diamonds not too long after—but obsidian was another issue.

George could've sworn they had some extra blocks from where they built the nether portal near their old base in the beginning of the hunt, but he'd have to travel all the way to the other side of the forest to check.

*What a fucking pain.*

Good thing was there were three of them and the chances of him being assigned that job were relatively low.

But not low enough apparently.

George stepped on a branch and cringed as it snapped; morning or not, he was getting dangerously close to the part of the common woods where it faded into the dark forest, and he really didn't want to have to fight some brainless monster today.

It was a little stupid to complain about it since he'd run into one sooner or later, especially considering their old base was in an abandoned cave. Still, walking through identical trees with no sound except the occasional cow around him and the leaves beneath his feet wasn't exactly comforting.

George wanted to punch something. He wished Dream was here.

He wondered if Dream was watching him, or if he'd given up on keeping George safe. Because walking through the forest alone regardless of time wasn't the safest thing he'd ever done.

George stopped walking and looked around.

Technically, no one said he had to *walk* through it.

There was a shortcut he could take through the dark forest to avoid going around it through the safer woods if he could reach the tops of the trees. That might sound like a terrible idea, but realistically, they could definitely hold his weight, and that was all he really needed them for, anyway.

"Hey, George!"

George jumped and spun around fast, taking a step forward to greet Dream—

*Bad.*

*To greet Bad.*

He forced himself to swallow his disappointment and threw on his best low-effort grin. "Hi."

Bad made his way to him over the various different logs, leaves, and animal shits cast on the ground. The hooded man grimaced as he narrowly missed a pile, and George's job of playing his excitement cool got a little easier at his amusement.

"Sapnap told me you were out over here! Which I already knew, of course, because I assigned you this, but it's just felt like forever since we've spent time together outside of planning and hunts," Bad babbled as he approached George, still trying to avoid getting mystery chocolate on his boots, "so I thought this would be a perfect opportunity to come check on you, especially because you've missed a lot of the group bonding times at night and the last two Therapy Thursdays, and also maybe—"

"I've missed you too, Bad." George smiled gently at him again, and offered the guy a hand over the last major branch. "And you're welcome to come with me. I'd... enjoy the company, if anything."

Bad beamed.

"Okay, great! I wasn't too sure if you'd want me to leave, 'cause you usually like your alone time and all, which is totally okay! But... yeah." He stopped talking and pulled George into a hug. George made sure to pay attention to hug him back around the middle. "I've just... really missed you."

When George was released and neither of them talked for a few seconds, Bad coughed and adjusted his hood. "So, where are you headed? The cave you were supposed to check is that way," Bad pointed to their left into the normal woods, "but you're all the way over here." He gestured over to the dark shadows in the forest.

"Yeah..." George trailed off.

Now that Bad had shown up, should he continue on with his shortcut or just make his way over the normal way? It would be weird to explain to him that George planned on jumping from treetop to treetop the entire way over, but it would be even weirder to brush it off and pretend he didn't know where he was.

"I was going to climb up onto the trees and make my way through there over the forest since it would be, y'know, faster, but—"

"George, that's really dangerous!" Bad frowned. "What if you fell through? If the fall damage doesn't kill you, the monsters will."

George felt an undertone of guilt run through him.

It hurt more than he'd like to admit to know that Bad still cared about him so much, even more now that he'd been pretty absent from the team for the last few months.

He didn't even seem mad that George hadn't been around them recently. Just... happy to see him. Happy to have his attention and his time.

*Remind you of someone else?*

*You should really tell him.*



But that... would end badly.

*C'mon, he's fine now.*

*He has you and Sapnap to watch his back, and he's got Skeppy to come home to when this is all said and done.*

"I know," George muttered. "But it would be way quicker than going around, and I really don't want to spend the rest of my day traveling."

He wasn't going to tell Bad. Ever.

Because if sweet, gentle Bad had a panic attack or some sort of episode due to it, George wouldn't want to live with the knowledge that it had been his fault.

He deserved better than that.

"Okay... let's go get started on climbing up then."

George raised an eyebrow and followed him the few steps it took to find a stable-looking tree. "You're serious? I thought it'd take a bit more convincing on your part."

Bad reached above him to start pulling himself up and smiled down at George. "Yeah, well, it's been forever since we've done something fun together other than watch Sapnap drink himself to sleep convinced we're all participating in the blackout event despite neither of us touching the alcohol."

Muffling his laugh with a cough, George grinned at the memory. "You're right about that." He pulled up to one of the lower branches and watched Bad go on ahead toward the top. Once he was there, he offered a hand to George, and he accepted it, using Bad and his own strength to get to the same spot beside him.

"Alright, how do you wanna do this?"

"We should be able to walk straight over it, so long as we don't fall in. Easy, right?"

"Yeah," Bad looked apprehensive, but George was willing to bet his excitement at spending time with him would win out soon.

Moving slowly, George touched his elbow to gain his attention. "We'll be fine, Bad. If one of us falls, it won't be the end of the world. The damage isn't *that* severe until we get to the deepest part of the woods. Plus, we have swords if mobs come after us." George tapped the iron strapped to his back.

It reminded him of Dream's gift back at his tent.

"Let's do it." Bad smiled at him and took the first couple of steps across the leaves.

It was going to be tricky in the beginning since the branches were a little thin, but George knew from experience that the farther in they got, the thicker the trees would get and the easier walking across it would be.

It seemed like forever ago, but thinking back on it, it was definitely Dream who taught him that.

*"George, what are you doing?"*

*George heard a wheeze behind him and tossed the blond a glare over his shoulder. It wasn't his fault that he couldn't get a proper foothold up here.*

*"C'mere," Dream called out to him, making his way across the trees himself.*

*He obviously didn't expect George to get that far on his own.*

*"What does it look like I'm trying to do?" George hissed back. A branch snapped beneath him, and he yelped, clawing at the newly appeared Dream beside him to get a hold before he fell.*

*Or to drag him down with him.*

*He didn't mind a broken leg so long as he and Dream were twinning, that arrogant shit.*

*Dream laughed again, the sound happy and easy, and George really wanted to punch him. Just a little bit to see how it'd feel.*

*He turned away to frown at the leaves below before warm hands came to wrap around his waist from behind, one settling at his hip and the other over his abdomen to point ahead at the center of the dark forest from above.*

*"It's not going to get easy until we get over there," Dream whispered to him, pressing a quick kiss to George's neck when he huffed. "That's where the trees are the thickest, so it'll be much more fun once we reach that point."*

*"If we don't fall through, you mean."*

*Dream snorted and stepped away from George to stand next to him. He offered his arm for support, and George glared at the smug look resting on the younger man's face when he grabbed on. Dream's other arm slid on George's hip again—when is he not touching me, seriously—and he guided the two of them forward, leaning over to talk in his ear.*

*"I'm not going to let you fall, George." They took a step forward, and then another. "Stop worrying so much."*

*George tried to focus on his footing, but also on the words, and, at a certain point, he couldn't really tell which task was distracting him from the other.*

*"You weigh, like, twice as much as I do. If anyone's gonna fall through, it'll be you," George responded after stumbling more than he'd like.*

*"Aww, c'mon. Don't you trust me, George?" Dream's breath tickled George's cheek, and he pushed the blond away, laughing at his rejected face.*

*"Yeah, you wish," he rolled his eyes, pulling Dream's arms back where he'd been shoved away.*

*Where he'd shoved him away.*

*Dream just let himself be moved wherever George wanted, and it brought a thrill of excitement through him to know how easily he'd go along with things if George presented them. They walked a little farther, and with the added support Dream provided, George looked at the forest floor.*

*He didn't know why he allowed the other to talk him into this. If either of them fell, it was a long way down.*

*He swallowed.*

*"Guess what, idiot?"*

*George ignored the jab and looked up at him right as Dream removed himself from his grip completely.*

*A fast surge of panic ran through him before he caught the grin thrown his way and realized he could stand on his own. Dream had been correct; it was a lot easier to walk now that they were in the middle of the woods. But...*

*George looked back at where they'd come. It was a long way, and it was only going to get harder from this point on going back.*

*"I'll catch you before you fall, George."*

*He heard Dream moving up to him where he'd stepped back, and George turned around to face him.*

*"Just appreciate how it feels. You're literally standing under the sky right now." Dream moved his arm to motion at the open space around them. "It's just you and me. No one can see us."*

*George watched in silence as he pulled off Dream's mask.*

*He wanted to see his eyes.*

*Dream let him—he always let him—and he tipped his head back to the clouds, not smiling or laughing for once. Just completely at peace standing with George thirty feet above land, and it occurred to George not for the first time that he could end it all right now.*

*He walked backwards away from Dream to get some distance between them before he did something he'd regret.*

*But fuck... He could go home.*

*Bad could see Skeppy and get married and start the rest of his life.*

*Sapnap... could do whatever it was he wanted to.*

*And all George would have to do was give Dream a small push off the trees.*

*He wouldn't expect it right now. He wasn't even looking at him.*

*George took in a breath. He could do it. For himself, for his team. For everyone.*

*But...*

*"I'm not going to let you fall, George."*

*George frowned.*

*He walked up to Dream, and even though George knew the other heard the fast pace he'd set that was a little too rushed for their situation, Dream didn't react. He just kept his head tilted up to the sky, his throat vulnerable, and his eyes closed.*

*George grabbed his hoodie and pulled him down into a hard kiss.*

*And Dream let him.*

Dream showed him how to walk over the world.

## Chapter End Notes

hellow!!

it feels like it's been forever since i've written for this fic compared to the other one :O  
but like- THE OTHER FIC HAS A VIOLENT PSYCHOPATHIC MOTHER,  
CONFIRMED THEATRE KID SAPNAP, AND TECHNOBLADE HINTED AT AS  
A POSSIBLE MASS SHOOTER SO ITS A LOT OF FUN TO WRITE  
it is getting harder since the storyline gets more serious as the boys both get older  
tho... but we still have fun there :)

like always, i care about you all-  
my discord is crustyy\_sam #1392 if you wanna say something or ask but are too  
nervous to post in public because, hey- i gotchu, that shit scary ;-;  
if there's any suggestions you want for future fics or ideas for either of mine, questions  
you wanna ask, or something you just wanna say, LITERALLY ANYTHING, you can  
feel free to comment or do whatever you'd like :))

OKAY THIS IS ALWAYS SO FUCKING LONG-  
I LUV AND APPRECIATE Y'ALL-  
DON'T PERISH + REMEMBER TO ORDER THE MATCHING CROCS WE  
PLANNED FOR OUR CULT  
WE MIGHT BE SUMMONING SOMETHING THIS FRIDAY AND WE NEED TO  
ALL LOOK SEGSY AND COORDINATED

IF ITS NIGHT FOR YOU-  
get your ass to sleep, you goblin, and don't worry- i'll battle ur sleep paralysis demon  
for you :D

IF ITS MORNING FOR YOU-  
if no one else has said it, good morning, you're very important, and no one can replace  
you in the cult. be awesome today. you CAN eat those cheezits.

goodbye, and i'll see you soon, lovelies <3

# Lifeguard Dream Is Off Duty, I Repeat, OFF DUTY

## Chapter Notes

hi humans !! :D

i am posting hella early- it's about 3 pm for me rn  
mostly because i gotta keep y'all bamboozled.  
...totally not because i'm planning on taking a hella long nap and might forget...

like usual, i hope you enjoy the story!!  
stuff is gonna go down very soon, so prepare yourselves :)  
OKAY, GOODBYE SEGSEE SOULS, IMMA GO CHILL W/ SAPNAP BC HE'S  
PROBABLY TAKING A NAP SOMEWHERE TOO

GO COMMIT CRIMES  
MWAH MWAH <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

To their credit, he and Bad made it pretty far before everything went to shit.

And even George could admit that the whole situation was kinda funny in a sick way.

Because he was still pissed, and he still hated Dream with a vigor he wasn't aware he could possess. Even when he'd killed Bad, it hadn't compared to how it felt now.

Dream had just been a villain in their twisted story; there was nothing more to him than his mask and his blade.

At least then he hadn't know what he was capable of.

At least then George hadn't had anything to compare him to when Bad spoke of his hands and the horrors he'd committed.

Now he'd held those hands, *loved those hands*, he'd trusted them and reached for them, and maybe George has had one or two bad dreams about how fucked up it is that the very thing he wishes would come back broke one of his best friends.

His only friends.

When Bad cries about Dream, he thinks about dying alone and abandoned. He thinks about the effects of coming back; all the nightmares, the twitching, the shaking, the paranoia, everything that prevents him from helping others the way he needs to be helped.

When George cries about Dream, he thinks about the first time in their cave with hands over his mouth and a knife at his throat. He thinks about Dream on his knees, overstimulation and praises,

whispers about how good he's being for him despite the way both of them know George will strive to destroy him in the morning.

He thinks about scars in a meadow and trust, and he imagines the sunset from behind the ruins. He sees the world from the sky, and he hears Dream begging to teach him how to swim.

Because he's *so* important, right?

Because Dream *cares*, and he wants him *safe*, and there's so much bullshit in that one request he'd made that it makes George want to scream.

George thinks about Bad, and he pictures flowers and hugs and the sun.

George thinks about Dream, and he sees freckles and fights and waiting at the trees.

And it's all so fucking stupid. All of it.

'Cause he hates Dream more than he's ever hated anyone or anything else before.

But, when it all came down to it, he thought about green eyes as he fell.

It was George's fault, in the end, too.

Things were going great, and he and Bad had made it all the way to the middle where the footing was stable and the conversation flowed easier.

They'd been safe. George had sworn they'd been safe.

But it was still his fault.

Bad had smiled at him and leaned a little too close into his space, and George had taken a step back, just to get some room between them. It wasn't a big deal, and Bad didn't even notice he'd moved until they both heard the sound of the branches he stepped on.

Or the lack, thereof.

Bad was fast, but not fast enough, and while he caught George's arm before he fully left the tree, he was already too far out and there was little he could do to pull him back without a hold on... well, anything. He fell too, and George wished he hadn't been so lonely earlier. At least then he could've refused Bad and fallen on his own.

Now Bad was going to die—*again*—and it was going to be because of George.

He wondered if Bad would blame him for this. He wondered if he'd hate him.

Probably not—Bad was too nice for that.

George only felt one wave of panic, and it was over quickly once he'd accepted what was going to happen. It wasn't like they could do anything; they were literally detached from the tree in mid-air, so any and all options were limited.

The way down was a long fall, too, meaning George had time to think and reconsider how he'd spent his time.

Something positive that came out of this?

George had an answer to his earlier underlying question. And sure, he might not like it specifically, but he could appreciate the solid truth an answer provided overall.

It only hurt for a second. After that, it was like thinking about the fall; he'd already fucked up, and now it was too late to do anything about it.

He'd lost his chance, and that was alright.

He knew it was never going to work out between them, and if this was how Dream was going to tell him that he'd made his decision and moved on—*that you drove him away; that you'll never choose him, and now he realizes that; that you left him with no other choice; stop blaming him, what else could he do?*—then that was okay.

Dream no longer loved him.

Because George was falling. He was going to die.

And, for the first time in a long time, he was positive Dream wasn't watching him.

30 feet was a long distance, but George had been expecting the impact.

What he didn't expect was the cold.

Plottwist: he didn't die.

It was like the universe rearranged itself to save him before brutally fucking him over. Because it was one thing for him and Bad to miraculously fall into one of the rare water pockets in the forest, and it was another to deal with the emotional whiplash he felt once he realized he'd live through this.

Right before he got *another* wave of whiplash as he remembered that he couldn't swim.

He hears the sweet warning that sounds suspiciously like a taunt right now being repeated in his head, and, as his head slips beneath the waves, George wants to cry.

He can still picture green eyes.

*"George, you do realize that you not knowing how to swim is like, super dangerous, right?"*

Yes, he fucking realizes that. And yes, he cares, but Dream doesn't.

Dream doesn't, and teaching him how to swim would be way too much.

Because if George ever ends up in water and drowns, then that's on him. But if he lives?

That'd be because of Dream.

And George doesn't want that. He'd rather end like this rather than remember Dream every time he sets foot in water because he knows himself and he knows what he'd see. He'd start to love the thing he's always found comfort in hating—*what an odd coincidence*—and every time he'd wade through the waves, he'd remember the beginning he hasn't yet had.

Bad crashes into him from above where he'd fallen after George, and all air left in George's lungs gets knocked out. For a split second, his vision goes white, and he thinks he's going to pass out, but the light ebbs back into a blurred focus, and his grasp on reality solidifies enough for him to make a conscious decision not to breathe in water. His back still stings from the impact he'd made during the fall, and his shoulder hurts from Bad ramming into him, but all he sees is green.

*Greengreengreen...*

He really should've taken Dream up on that offer—*liar; even if you could do it again, you wouldn't; you're too stubborn, too prideful; just let him in, fuck, george, why can't you just let him in?*—because now he regrets not making those memories.

Maybe Dream would've stayed if he'd just said yes.

George can picture it.

First steps into that lake with hands on his waist and gentle, encouraging words in his ear, Dream laughing at him as he fails to even paddle. Dream smiling at George even as they both know how nervous he is about the whole thing.

And he means Dream, not him.

*When will he realize it isn't about trust? It was never about trust.*

Because it's still a push-and-pull; everything between them always been, and it always will be.

Dream will do his best to protect him like he always does—*like he always did*—but after he teaches George, the rest is up to him. To Dream, if George drowns, it'd be his fault for not teaching him well enough. And if he lives, then that means nothing more than relief on the other end.

It's safe to say they both fear the same outcomes for different reasons.

But Dream isn't here now.

Bad is, but Bad doesn't know he can't swim, and at this point, he's a bigger part of the problem than the solution.

The water is cold under the shadows of the trees, and George makes the mistake of breathing in when he can't hold off the urge any longer. It floods into him, and all he can think is about how much it hurts—*itburnsitburnsitburns, why the fuck does it burn*—and the useless reasons of why he'd ever hated water in the first place.



His body sinks further down the more Bad's weight presses down onto him, and it occurs to George that even if he heals from this, Bad won't. The guilt might just eat him alive once he realizes he's the reason George couldn't get up.

And what about Sapnap?

George doesn't want to imagine his face when the two of them spawn in camp and walk out of their tents, only for Sapnap to understand why they'd seemingly never left camp.

A thousand particles of blue glitter wash over George's vision, and it's only when he sees Bad's body cover the light from the sun over him and his head breaches the waves that George wonders why he hasn't started swimming up yet. Maybe he hit something on the way down or blacked out —

The feeling in George's arms begin to leave, and with the majority of the sky now covered, he's back to seeing green.

It's darker now, though.

Everything looks darker now.

He tries to see anything else around him, any color to distract him so his last thought isn't of being abandoned by the one who was supposed to stay, but it's the movement comes out to a very weak attempt that would make him scoff in any other situation. The best he can do is look away from Bad and the sky above.

*Why always green?*

*Green eyes, green meadow, green hoodie, greengreengreen...*

George doesn't care anymore.

He'll never beg to a god he doesn't believe in, but his soul isn't too proud to whisper "*let me go*".

Fire never burned nearly as bad as this, and George would've laughed a little at the revelation if he wasn't so ready to die.

His body bobs up to float for a second when his back hits the bottom of the pond. George's head tips back into the sand behind him, and as his eyes drift shut he thinks he sees Bad twitch overhead, but at this point, who the fuck knows for sure.

There's a pretty picture of Dream crowding him up against a stone wall—*hey, I remember that place*—and laughing down at him as he struggles to stand.

*"You good?"*

He hears some water noise around him that George really can't focus his attention on right now. It sounds muffled, like he's disconnected from that place, but in the room next door.

In the same disconnected way, he feels the burning fire in his chest start to go away, and all George can think is, *Finally. It's about fucking time.*

There's a white mask covering Dream's face, and the memory is familiar, but it doesn't feel right. A knife gets pressed into his hands where Dream has removed them from his chest, and George feels an unidentifiable emotion bubbling up in his chest.

This isn't how that night went.

*"You good?"* Dream-Dream repeats.

George swallows and grasps the knife a little harder. Dream raises a hand to cradle his face, and George makes sure to lean into the touch before he turns the blade around and shoves it into his own stomach.

He feels the hands leave his face, and Dream makes a choked off noise, taking a step back.

George smiles up at him.

He can't see the other's face, but he hopes Dream is horrified.

*"Yeah. I'm good."*

## Chapter End Notes

so that happened.

:D

IF YOU'RE CONFUSED, GEORGE IS LIKE- DREAMING CAUSE HE'S BOUT TO DIE OR SUM SHIT

+ HE STABBED HIMSELF, NOT DREAM

yes, it's funky, but this mans is going thru it + he's in love but also denial and also wants to die because

IN CASE YOU'VE NEVER BEEN SHOVED UNDERWATER BY YOUR SIBLING AND SWALLOWED AN OCEAN, IT REALLY, REALLY HURTS

i'll keep this note short today (never done that before, i know) because i'm physically here, but mentally in jail

which- don't ask. i'm being held captive by a crustier version of myself, so no worries :)

once again, the story telling might be coming off as a little confusing/complicated, which is kinda purposeful bc George is an unreliable and emotional narrator, but it should be relatively making sense.

also this chapter is a bit choppy, but this mans *is* falling to his death + his head is going a mile a minute, so... if i was about to McDie, i'd probably think about a ton of different things too:

my favorite olive garden order...  
the OWA OWA dog...  
how to avoid making contact with children...

ANYWAY,

if you have questions, or comments, or anything you don't wanna say in public, my discord is crustyy\_sam #1392

MY NOTIFICATIONS ARE OFF ALL THE TIME THO, SO WHILE I DO CHECK IN EVERY 1-3 DAYS, JUST KNOW I'M NOT LIKE, ACTIVELY IGNORING YOU OR SOMETHING

now

i hope you have a good day, lovely beings, + i really appreciate you all taking the time to read my story and all that, heh

we are at over 27,000 cult members, and that is INSANE

also concerning for the government, but that sounds like a *them* problem :)

goodbye for now, please take care of yourself and don't perish!!

I'LL SEE YOU IN THE NEXT CHAPTER SEGSIES <3

ALSO I FUCKING LIED- THIS WASN'T A SHORT NOTE, I JUST TRICKED MYSELF INTO BEING SOCIAL, FUCK >:O

# George Is His Own Therapist. (AKA, Pre-Bad Bitch George)

## Chapter Notes

HELLO

GUYS, I AIN'T GONNA LIE TO YOU-

I'VE HAD SOME WRITING CONSTIPATION FOR THE LAST FEW DAYS

JUST

THOUGHT I SHOULD SHARE WITH Y'ALL <3

imma be explaining some shit in the end notes that i'm probably not gonna explicitly say in the story (context clues/isn't important, but just in case you were wondering :) ) so feel free to ignore that, or join me :D

also if george sounds like his head is going a mile a minute, this mans is in shock and having issues processing everything rn- (he'll be fine, don't panic)

OKAY

I'LL KEEP THIS SHORT FOR REALSIES-

HAVE FUN READING, + ILY BROS <3

(ALSO I KNOW IT'S EARLY, SHUSH)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When George woke up, he couldn't breathe.

Remember that "unidentifiable emotion" he was talking about earlier?

Yeah, the one he'd felt in the dream when he was dying down in the pond?

He'd pushed it off at the time because he'd had other intentions in mind—like hurting Dream the way he'd been hurt, although George mentally reminded himself to attend one of those Therapy Thursdays soon because suicide by knife in front of someone's wannabe lover was *not* a sign of peak mental health, even if it was just in his own head—but he'd still assumed it was a feeling.

Like, an actual emotion.

It hadn't really occurred to George that the low pressure he'd been feeling in his chest might be all the fucking water he'd swallowed on his way down to the pond floor.

And spoilers—throwing up lungfuls of *anything* feels just as bad as when it goes down.

"Breathe, George."

Bad's voice was raspy and weak, but the hand he had at George's back was solid enough to distract him from how awful this felt.

*I thought I was finished with this...*

But apparently not.

Everything still felt like fire. Or acid.

Probably more acid, at this point.

If he'd had any more energy left, George would've grimaced at the sound of his own retching, but as wave after wave came and went, it was all he could do to slump over on the ground in the periods between, heaving breaths and wishing he was unconscious and that everything was out of him.

"It's okay, Geo—"

Bad broke off coughing, and George looked over just in time to watch him hack up his own ocean. He looked waterlogged, but otherwise okay, and now that George had had time to regain his senses—though how *much* of them was debatable—he wanted to know how he hadn't died.

His survival was statistically unlikely, by a really, *really* long shot. Not to mention Bad didn't exactly look like he was strong enough to carry George's weight all the way up from the bottom, especially after being just as hurt.

*Well...*

George was probably in a much worse state, physically.

And he knew from sparring that Bad was stronger than he looked.

Technically, because Bad had fallen on top of him in the beginning and his head hadn't slipped under for a good amount of time after George's, even if he'd been stunned, he'd had more air, and therefore maintained more strength.

George couldn't find it in himself to be properly relieved or grateful or anything; a faint murmur of guilt was the only thing he could process right now.

It was probably the shock.

His body ached, and he wanted to stay down and rest more, but George managed to pull himself up to a halfway sitting position. He felt nauseous again, but he could deal.

Glancing over, Bad had stopped throwing up, and he was breathing heavily on the grass a foot or two away, but he didn't look in too bad of a shape overall.

Still... George wanted to know.

"Hey, Bad—"

The crackle of bones nearby echoed throughout the trees, and both he and Bad snapped up to attention.

It was almost a good thing that George hadn't been able to finish his sentence—he'd regretted opening his mouth immediately once he'd started. His voice really fucking hurt; also, it wouldn't do him any good to keep using it.

Besides, they needed to get out of here before he worried about that or anything else.

*Like how Dream has abandoned you?*

Zombies were fine. Spiders were a bitch to deal with, but skeletons?

George really didn't fancy those.

"George," Bad's voice sounded just as awful as last time, but a little gentler now, "we need to go. Like, right now."

Wincing, George tried to stand by himself, but Bad ended up grabbing onto his arm and helping to hoist him up.

*Dream would've been able to carry you.*

*Dream wouldn't have struggled under your weight.*

*Dream would've caught you before you fell.*

God, he wanted to throw up again.

"George."

Bad was whispering now, and George was aware enough to pick up on the panic in his tone.

*Oh, right. Skeleton.*

"Yeah, I—" He coughed and turned his head so he wasn't facing Bad. "Just give me a minute."

Bad didn't respond, but he didn't protest either. Count on him to give George a breather while they were defenseless in the middle of nowhere.

Now George did feel grateful.

*Breathe, just breathe.*

Getting air in wasn't the hard part, that was in allowing it to come out. It was such a stupid issue, and in any other setting, George would've cursed himself out for not being able to calm down and breathe like a normal person.

He was up on land, and the pond was several feet away. He had nothing to worry about.

George had air, and he was just being irrational.

But... what if it stopped and he was cut off again?

Bad tapped him twice on his shoulder as a nice cue to get his shit together and leave—or that's what George was going with, because he was way too out of it to understand any hidden meanings at the moment—and a stupid part of him wondered if choking kinks were out of the question from now on.

It was weird, dumb, and immature, but it actually worked in relaxing him.

George laughed a little under his breath, and he ignored the odd look from Bad as he set a slow pace for air now that he'd exhaled.

From then on, it was very anticlimactic.

They started walking away from the sound of the bones, and neither spoke for a good while.

Bad had put his hand back on George's back to steer him, while George's arm was thrown over his shoulder. He was feeling better by the second, but George still had very little faith he could walk by himself right now.

That didn't stop him from becoming irritated at Bad's hand placement, though.

He was being petty, and he knew it, but it felt wrong. Really wrong.

How many times had Dream done that? Support him with a hand to his back.

*Too many.*

He shoved it down as best he could.

So many things were going through his head. He wanted to sleep, fuck...

George would've worried about Bad being angry—for suggesting to take the shortcut, for falling, for almost *drowning*—but every time he looked over to check on him, the other man only gave him small smiles in return.

The leaves crunched under their feet, and it hit George that he'd almost died today.

Also, there were a lot of things he needed to own up to.

George loved Bad.

He loved Sapnap, too, and they were a family of idiots that he would die for rather than watch them leave.

But... he also really loved Dream.

George tried to focus on the unnatural warmth of Bad's hand at his spine and the leaves underfoot as it all made sense why Dream leaving had hurt so much.

George always knew a decision would have to be made between his two lives when it all came down to it.

He just thought he'd be the one to make it.

Chapter End Notes

OKAY  
SO

## TWO TOPICS TODAY

1. WHAT HAPPENED LAST CHAPTER?
2. WHY ARE THEY TRYING TO KILL DREAM?

first, lemme just say: idk how well i do it, but my main writing goal for any fic is to not explicitly say a ton of shit- whether that be feelings, plot, or backstory/setting. by that, i mean i try to make it either sound natural (character thoughts) or hint at it so y'all can figure it out yourself.

of course, because i'm writing the story, i already know what's poppin and y'all don't, so it's a little hard to judge how well it comes off.

### THAT SAID

there were some questions last time + confusion, + i really appreciate you all commenting on that because it helps me go back and either change stuff or address it like right now :D

i do not get offended, don't worry lovelies- if anything, i like it because i'm only a mortal who's got one braincell at best

and ik i don't NEED to discuss this stuff, but i don't mind + if it helps, then great if it doesn't, then that's okay too <3

so- George had a dream/hallucination last time.

it was kinda meant to be confusing for last chapter bc i was supposed to release this one as a follow-up more than anything, but i got lazy + the writing constipation hit hard. i also expected for it to be understandable at least as a basis, but oh well

AND IF YOU DIDN'T CATCH ON, DON'T WORRY- IM NOT BASHING YOU there were plenty of readers who understood, and plenty of others who did not, and that's partially my mistake.

in this dream/hallucination (which he had bc he was like- fucking dying), he was reliving the memory where he got fucked in the ruins in another chapter.

you remember that? me too.

and if you don't, that's perfectly fine. i didn't go as in depth on it bc a) he's dying b) it's not really that important to the plot.

POINT IS, stuff obviously didn't go the same way as it had irl- Dream gave him the pretty knife at a different time + george McStabbed himself to piss Dream off/drive him away bc he's a petty, bratty bitch who's got committment issues.

and that's it. that's the dream.

BUT IT WAS A DREAM- GEORGE IS VERY MUCH ALIVE

it was meant to kinda show that he's getting over Dream leaving in his own way (he's not moping around waiting for Dream anymore; he's moved to violence and anger. which isn't GREAT OR SEGSEE, but it's showing his progression).

### NOW NEXT THING

WHY ARE THE HUNTERS AFTER DREAM?

i specifically didn't address this in the beginning/otherwise because of three things:

1. if you were here in the beginning, then you know it was supposed to be a oneshot of pure smut so i could cope with heat waves.

there was no other plot than that, HOWEVER, once people started being like "hun, you can do more w/ this, get off your lazy ass and write more segsy slowburn" i was like "aight, lemme pull together sum ~plot~ \*coughs \* pwp \*coughs\*"

so that's why i didn't mention anything in the VERY beginning.



(also there will be more pwp soon, don't panic)

2. i feel like too much backstory would take away from the present + the whole point of this fic, which is just Dream and George's relationship. it's not necessary in my eyes, and i like the feel of the story so far where it's centered on just that.

3. i like some parts of my stories to be open to interpretation.

this is a very LOOSE fic in my eyes.

my other one, for example, is not. that one has backstory, and a lot of set relationships that i do my best to explain in an entertaining way.

this one is more centered on George, meaning he is the baddest bitch and the world DOES revolve around him.

so why they're trying to kill Dream can be up to you.

personally, i write this with the idea in mind that there's a lot of big people out there who hate Dream for being so badass + violent + for fucking up their lives, so they hire the hunters to kill him.

this, imo, is why they have to finish the job.

they cannot go home until it is done + now that Bad has been hurt, the team has a personal vendetta against Dream.

THAT WAS REALLY FUCKING LONG, IM SORRY, BUT IF YOU'RE HERE,  
GIMME A YAHOO CAUSE I'LL BE SHOCKED

OKAY, NOW I LUV Y'ALL, YOU'RE ALL SEGSY AF, + I'LL SEE YOU IN THE  
NEXT (HOPEFULLY MORE ENTERTAINING) CHAPTER <3

# George Fell For The Hot Jock And Now He's Deciding Whether He Wants To Just Take A Nap Or Start A War

## Chapter Notes

HI SEGSYS

IT'S BEEN WAY LONGER THAN I THOUGHT, SO THAT'S A YIKERS ;-;  
I'M ALIVE BUT JUST BARELY

ALSO- HERE'S YOUR OFFICIAL WARNING

THERE'S A FLASHBACK AT THE END OF THIS WHERE THEY GETTING  
HORNY N SHIT

SO IF YOU AIN'T HERE FOR THE SMUT-

you literally shouldn't have made it past chapter 1, the plot is almost nonexistent man-  
BUT ALSO AYEEEE

ALSO ALSO

THERE'S A DISCORD NOW :D

KEEP IN MIND, THERE ARE PEOPLE FROM MY OTHER FIC THERE + THEY  
KINDA ARE ARMED WITH KNIVES (MOST OF THEM ARE NICE THO, DON'T  
PANIC TOO MUCH) SO BE PREPARED FOR THAT

you guys seem to be calmer, so i shall defend your honor if worse comes to worse +  
they attack w/out reason, but it'll be fine :))

(before i get shot, i'm kidding, y'all- they aren't that mean)

HERE IS IS BOIS: <https://discord.gg/7VEFtfABcS>

(if it's not working, shoot me a comment or a message on disc + i'll send you the link  
directly <3)

I'LL BE DISCUSSING STUPID STORY SHIT IN THE END NOTES

OKAY-

I LOVE YOU LITTLE RATS, GOODBYE <333

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap was pissed when they made it home.

He'd burst into their general tent as George was patching Bad up—Bad had insisted on taking care of George first, so moving was a lot easier now with his bandaged side, even if it didn't help the guilt to go away—and yelled before finally shutting up and expressing his extreme disappointment in them.

Not because they nearly died, though. Sapnap was disappointed they'd ruined the mood of the night.

Because that was *soooooo* important.

Apparently he'd actually caught something special for their meal and had been excited to show off his useful hunting skills that George and Bad were blessed to see once every third year.

Too bad his two teammates fucked it up for him.

George washed his hands and handed Bad another roll of bandages.

Even though Bad had seemed fine at the start, on the way to the camp he'd collapsed, and George had half-dragged, half-carried him back until he'd regained consciousness in the tent. Luckily, he'd only blacked out a few minutes away, but it appeared that he had suffered more damage from the fall than either of them originally thought.

Doctor Sapnap's opinion was that Bad had at least a few bruised ribs that he hadn't noticed until the adrenaline and shock wore off. Of course, Bad argued at first, saying he was fine and that it was no big deal, but Sapnap insisted it wouldn't do any harm for them to use some of their supplies—*"I didn't miss out on buying alcohol just so we could purchase medical shit and not use it"*—and that they should really play it safe—*"Bad, shut the fuck up. You're crippled and you have no opinion"*.

Sapnap really was such a sweetheart.

*If only he cared about us not dying as much as maintaining his late night vibe.*

"Sapnap, Bad and I fell from a tree. A *dark forest* tree. Not one of the small ones you climb hoping you'll fall from it just to feel something," George glared at him.

"Don't judge me!" Sapnap shook his head to himself. "It's a sad, sad world for a single man out here. If I can't get laid, I might as well choose death."

George rolled his eyes and winced as he sat down in the space next to Bad to help him out.

"You've got *us*, Sapnap," Bad smiled, and he pointed to some supplies behind Sapnap for him to fetch. "You're not alone. Isn't that good enough?"

Sapnap grabbed the ointment Bad had asked him to retrieve, and he unwrapped it while walking back toward them. It wasn't a huge tent by any means, but Sapnap was very, very slow about doing... almost anything.

There was a reason George usually came to Bad when he had a request.

It had been a while since he'd last cared enough to do that, though.

"Look, you two are nice and all, don't get me wrong," *god, how is he still not over here yet*; George was going to fucking stab him, "but there are some things y'all won't do. Some stuff bros just *can't* do."

Sapnap looked up and gestured to himself. "And a guy's got needs."

George snorted, and now Bad rolled his eyes.

"We'll be done with this job soon enough. Then—as much as I may pity them—you can go for all the guys and girls you want."

Sapnap finally handed the medicine over and stared down at Bad.

"*You* still don't get an opinion." Sapnap crossed his arms and leaned back onto the table George and Bad were sitting on so he was next to them. "Not when you're basically married to that dumbass back in the village."

"Hey! Language," Bad glared, hitting him gently with the bandages before dropping them into George's lap.

Bad started pulling off his shirt, and George took that as his cue to start unwrapping.

"I'm just sayin'!" Sapnap turned to look over Bad toward George, and he offered out a hand to hold Bad's shirt. "Surely, Gogy, you understand my dilemma?"

*Nope.*

*I was getting fucked five days a week by the man we're supposed to be killing while you've been doing your best to stake him out.*

*I've experienced many things. Extensive cockblocking is not one of them.*

"Little bit, yeah." George bit his lip and concentrated on not causing Bad any more harm than he already had. "But Bad's got a point. You're just too horny."

George started wrapping, and politely avoided looking at the parts of Bad covered in scars. It wasn't uncommon for them to be unclothed around one another at all, but it was still second-nature out of respect.

He wouldn't want them to stare either.

"Am not!"

"Are too."

Bad grunted in agreement.

Or pain.

George loosened his grip so it was gentler before Bad met his eyes and jerked his head toward Sapnap in clarification. George coughed to cover his laugh, but Sapnap heard it anyway.

"Sapnap..." Bad hissed a little as George secured the ends and they both shot apologetic looks the other's way. Sapnap handed him back his shirt as he awaited the rest of the response with raised eyebrows. "I don't really care what you do, so long as it isn't done in the camp."

"I second that," George called out, helping Bad's arms through the sleeves.

"What, am I supposed to just jack off in the trees?"

George looked up to meet his eyes.

"Yes."

"Hmm..." Sapnap grinned. "What about *on* the trees?"

Bad cringed, and George gagged.

"Sapnap, no—"

"Don't you fucking dare," George hissed. "There's scarier shit to walk past in the dark, and I don't want to have *that* in the back of my mind every time I pass a tree."

Laughing, Sapnap reached out an arm to embrace them both.

"Yeah, yeah." His head moved to rest on top of George's. "Consider your ultimately useless opinions noted."

Bad leaned his head on Sapnap's shoulder and smiled, and, after a moment, even George sank into the hold. Sapnap might be stupid and highly inappropriate, but George could respect that he lacked the certain physical barriers he and Bad unintentionally had up and that it brought them closer in the end.

Granted, Bad's boundaries were much less so than him, but ever since Dream...

*It doesn't matter.*

George had just forgotten how nice it was to be part of a team.

Part of *this* shitty team.

When Bad fell, George had powered through to bring him back to camp.

While his back still hurt, his ribs and chest had begun to ache as well, and his throat was pretty much a lost cause; talking was obviously easier, but the scratching feeling probably wouldn't be going away for the next few days.

He'd already been wrapped before Sapnap found him and Bad in the common area, though it was hastily done with Bad not completely awake and George almost-asleep, so needless to say, neither of them had really done the best job.

Point was, Bad might not be the only one with bruised ribs, and now George felt like shit.

*Maybe I should get Sapnap to help me rewrap later...*

Earlier, after the flap of the tent entrance that indicated Sapnap's exit had sounded, George had turned to face Bad and excuse himself back to his own tent. Now—a few hours later—Bad was likely resting in his own haven, and Sapnap was off doing whatever the fuck it was he did with his life when he wasn't annoying them. Cooking for tonight, maybe?

George knew the smart thing to do would be to rewrap himself immediately to avoid discomfort, but it had been too long of a day, and he was exhausted. Even the thought of heading outside his tent later tonight to join the others for a meal seemed impossible right now.

Sitting up, George grabbed the spare bandages he'd taken from the general room, and he removed his shirt. It hurt to do alone, but he was sure he'd been through worse and could deal.

Shirt off, bandages in hand, and criss-crossed on the floor, George sat there and waited.

And... waited.

He felt like a child again, delaying the inevitable pain that came with movement by just... not doing anything.

Fuck, he needed sleep.

Iron shone on the floor next to him, and as a temporary excuse not to continue, George grabbed it.

*This stupid fucking knife seems to be the only solid reminder of all my problems.*

He scoffed to himself and ran his thumb over the edge gently.

*Of him.*

His dream came back to him. George wanted it gone.

Thinking about it meant he was addressing it, and addressing it made it *real*.

He didn't want it to be real.

*Yes, you do.*

*Because if it was real, then that means Dream came back for you.*

"Want some help with that?"

The knife slipped into his lap, and George mentally kicked himself for being so startled. Bad's head was popped through the door; he looked tired, too.

"Sure."

He gave Bad a weak smile, and the gesture was returned, although his probably looked a lot less forced than the one George was attempting to pull off. George patted the spot next to him, and Bad settled in, reaching for the bandages.

There were a lot of things to appreciate about Bad.

He was kind, but quiet, and he knew when his company preferred for him to keep his mouth shut, a quality Sappnap wasn't as blessed to possess. So even if George was aware the question was coming, he felt comfortable with the knowledge that Bad would finish patching him up—again—before asking so George wouldn't feel pressured to answer in knowing he couldn't tell Bad to leave with the cover on his chest only half-way done.

"You never told me you couldn't swim."

*Ah. So he did save me.*

"Yeah, no." George thumbed over the knife in his hands, but he stopped when he saw Bad track the movement with his eyes. "I just... never learned."

Bad hummed.

"I see. Lack of interest, or did no one ever offer to teach you?"

George set the knife down on the floor next to him so it was away from Bad's gaze.

"Take your pick."

"I could teach you, y'know?" Bad hesitated. "If you wanted to learn."

"I'll think about it."

The silence was a little uncomfortable now. He was willing to bet neither of them liked the quiet that followed his statement, but George couldn't think of much else to say.

Bad could, apparently.

"George, are we good?"

"Like, you and me?"

George tugged at his shirt to occupy his hands.

He knew Bad would bring this up eventually; it wasn't a horrible topic by any means, but it did hurt to have Bad audibly refer to the weird air around the three of them lately. Or the two of them, seeing as how George was barely ever around.

"All of us. You, me, and Sapnap."

"We're okay, Bad. I promise."

George wanted to scream. He wanted to sleep.

Dream had done this to him, to *them*.

It was all his fault, and he'd just *left*.

"It's just been a long few months, that's all."

Bad hummed again, and he leaned his head on George's shoulder.

George found that he didn't mind it as much as he used to.

"Hey, Bad?"

"Yes?"

"Do you love Skeppy?"

Bad turned to look at him, still resting on his shoulder, and George didn't have to look down to know he was confused.

"Of course, I do."

The smart thing to do would be to crack a joke, or end the conversation here. But Bad was the closest person he had to relate to someone right now, and George really wanted to know.

"Aren't you ever worried, though?"

Bad sat there quietly. "About what? Breaking up, or...?"

"Not breaking up, necessarily." George reached to his side to trace his fingers over the knife where Bad still couldn't see. "Just... What if you go back, and he's not waiting for you?"

He'd expected Bad to have some sort of reaction other than calm and composed, but George also felt way too out of it to be really surprised.

"He will be. And to answer your other question—no, I'm not worried. I used to be, though. Back when we first left and talking through letters felt new." Bad spoke quietly, almost like it was to himself. "But not now, and I haven't felt that way in a while."

It was George's turn to speak, and it hit him that this was usually the time in their talks when he excused himself or Bad for one of them to leave.

*I've missed this.*

*I don't want to be alone.*

George gave him a small smile and tried for conversation again.

"How's Skeppy?"

Bad smiled back at him.

He started speaking, and for the next couple hours until they fell asleep, George just listened.

Sometimes George liked it when he dreamed.

Because dreaming meant remembering, and sifting through old memories like films when he was asleep was something he'd never trade for the world.

*"Fuck, George..."*

*Dream raised the hand clenched at his side up to muffle his own mouth, his head thumping back against the stone wall. Always the stone wall; always their cave. George reached up and tangled their fingers together before bringing their joined hands down to his hair.*

*Dream had twitched in his mouth, and George made a show of swallowing around him.*

*His mouth felt full, and George resisted the urge to pull off and have Dream fuck him now.*

*He knew Dream would do it.*

*George swallowed again before sucking gently on the head, just to get a reaction out of him.*

*It would be nice to have him lose a bit of control.*

*George wasn't quite sure what else he could do, though.*

*What the fuck would it take for Dream to just use him like the first time?*

*Looking up to meet his eyes, George wrapped a hand around the base and ran his tongue up whatever he could fit in his mouth. Dream met his gaze and visibly shivered, fingers tugging on the*



*strands as he closed his eyes.*

*While he'd never mentioned it to him, George had noticed Dream's tendency to do that when everything became too much.*

*Too good, too fast, too sweet...*

*And then eyes closed.*

*George would've grinned if he could, but he settled instead for pulling off his dick slowly.*

*No "pop" or move to go back down. Just a slow retreat so Dream would have time to open his eyes and see George with the head barely pressed to his lips, red and slick with his effort.*

*His arms tensed, and George did smile this time because he knew what that meant.*

*Dream was holding back.*

*He sat there for a few seconds, breathing hard against Dream's length, touching but not sucking, doing nothing but waiting. When it became clear Dream wasn't going to initiate anything to make him continue, George moved his tongue to brush over Dream's slit, and he slid himself down so he could go back to sucking on the tip.*

*Then Dream reached his other hand down to stroke George's cheek, gently, sweetly.*

*George stopped his motions for a moment at the contact, but Dream didn't.*

*It pissed him off.*

*He just kept thumbing over his face, obviously wanting George to continue, but also content with touching whatever part of George he could reach. It wasn't until Dream reached his lips that George had had enough and he just opened his mouth, relaxing as much as he could to slide down as far as he could go.*

*Which was actually pretty far, to be fair.*

*George was prepared for the reaction.*

*Hips jerked against his face in response, so George just breathed in as much as he could and pressed Dream's hand harder against the back of his head until Dream got the fucking hint and applied some pressure.*

*That had been a good time.*

*At some point George let himself run on autopilot, enjoying the feeling of carelessness with which Dream chased his own pleasure. He thinks back to that every now and then; how it felt, and how much he wanted him to do it again.*

*The roughness had been nice, Dream finally knotting his hands in George's hair.*

*It was like he'd crossed a line. One where he didn't touch George so delicately, like he was something to be worshiped and loved.*

*And George?*

*He let Dream fuck his throat open with consistent thrusts until he'd come, holding George's head*

*there until after he'd finished.*

*God, he'd wanted to be used so much back then.*

You still do. He could come back and take you, and you'd let him, wouldn't you?

*George remembers how much he'd wanted it to be good for Dream, how much he'd wanted to be good.*

And then it all disappeared, and he woke up.

## Chapter End Notes

\*chuckles to self\*

so you've made it through...

look... there's gonna be more pwp soon  
cause  
there just is.

ALSO IF YOU ONLY READ THIS FIC, I BASICALLY DIED OFF THE SURFACE  
OF THE EARTH SO I DO APOLOGIZE FOR THAT

the last chapter for the other one was like- 6100 words or sum shit, and i put all my life  
energy into that, including the life of my firstborn child.

also all my humor apparently ;-;

ONTO THE PLOT-

haha, p l o t

\*sobs in this shit that turned out wayy too angsty with not enough seggs to balance it  
out\*

THIS CHAPTER IS UHH... YEAH

george is horny and sad, but he's also like "fuck u" to dream w/ both hands flipping  
him off

so

:)

and bad is a good friend

whoop whoop

sapnap is also horny, but like a depressed horny who's in denial + thinks he's hot shit

i included that flashback at the end bc (smut? duh why would i not) mostly as another  
example of how george is like

"oh nooo how dare u be nice to me dre"

and dream's just like

"u lil shit, hurry ur ass up n go thru the nine stages of grief already, i just wanna kiss u  
n hold hands n make flower crowns like the raging gays we are"

and then george just

"gawd u never listen to me i'm too edgy for u rn, ur contact in my phone is literally just  
'Sidedick'"

and rejects him bc he's got issues

and that's all  
that's everything i've got, y'all-  
i've missed you guys, + i hope you are all doing pretty pog  
ik the story isn't in the most interesting place rn, but it'll hopefully get better bc... this  
whole "situation" w/ george has got to get done and over it and i'd rather not rush it :)

OKAY, LONG ENOUGH, FUCK  
JUST CALL ME THE KING OF LONG ASS NOTES FROM NOW ON CAUSE  
THIS SHIT ALWAYS SEEMS TO HAPPEN  
I NEED A NAP

I LUV YOU SHITS, SO HAVE A GOODNIGHT/MORNING >:D  
IF YOU HAVE QUESTIONS/COMMENTS/CONCERNS, HIT ME UP <3

# I'm starting to think George is a Whore-able Person (AKA, Bad Bitch George)

## Chapter Notes

HEY SEGGSIES!!

i've missed y'all >:D

this chapter is just a lot of happy moments and all around cute dnf times, so have fun <3

ALSO, I HOPE YOU SEXY LITTLE SHITS ARE DOING OKAY-

if you are, bussin

if you aren't, then heed my words of wisdom:

*pain is temporary. that phat ass is eternal.*

double also- no joke, i think i bullied myself into happiness the other day

i'll talk more on "tips and tricks to shit on yourself so hard it turns into confidence" in the end notes, bc i KNOW that's not what you're here for.

ANYWAY,

I LOVE YOU GUYS A LOT

Y'ALL ARE SO FUCKING AWESOME (i'd sell u out for cheeto puffs tho, so don't get too cocky) AND MY AFFECTION IS SO UNCONDITIONAL, Y'ALL DON'T EVEN KNOW (again, unless someone has cheeto puffs, but we've covered this :D)

SO GO AND READ AND BE HOT

DRINK THAT FUCKING WATER

BE THAT RONALD MCDONALD COSPLAYER

okie, bye bye >:D <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The day Dream came back, George wasn't ready.

He'd been healing, but he wasn't *finished*.

So having Dream creep back into his life like he'd never left was... well... Disheartening would be too poetic of a word.

George still felt like shit, but it was getting easier to manage with each passing sunrise, and by the end of the first few weeks, his only thoughts when he awoke centered around his team and himself. Not... *him*.

The worst part was that he'd had time to think about what he'd do when—*if*—Dream came back. He'd worked out so many possible endings to their next encounter, and up until the last days they filtered through his head, all ranging from violence to ignorance and everything in between.

It wasn't as if he'd necessarily expected it, either. But in the nights leading up, no matter how hard he wished for visions of the road leading back home and his team's commission paid in full, George always dreamed about beaten masks and eyes without a soul.

"I thought you knew how to walk under the clouds."

To his credit, George didn't stop moving through the trees or look back. Dream would get bored with him eventually. Unfortunately though, in the meantime, Dream just followed.

"Did you forget how?" His tone was teasing now. "If that's the case, I could always give you another lesson."

A grunt escaped as George stumbled through the rougher part of the forest ground, and he fought the urge to groan when he heard the lack of noise that meant Dream had cleared it easy.

Over the next couple of minutes, Dream continued to tag along, staying a few steps behind, and, up until they came upon the small river that ran through this part of the woods, George almost forgot he wasn't alone. He'd been quiet after making a few more comments only to remain unanswered, and, against his will, George felt himself relax at the comfort of normality and the safety Dream's presence brought.

But just because he trusted Dream to protect him while he was near didn't mean he wouldn't take the chance to drive a sword into his side. The harsh reminder of how conditional Dream's undivided devotion was still burned through his lungs every time Bad prompted him to drink or when Sapnap called him out for his turn to bathe.

Yet, after all of it, here they were. Together again.

It felt underwhelming. It felt *wrong*.

The gentle roar of the current in front of them drowned out the topic of George's emotional paradox and made way for his more pressing issues. They had to figure out some way to get past because George still couldn't swim, and there was no way in hell he was going to let Dream carry him across.

A long minute passed, and if it wasn't for the crunch of a leaf that signified Dream shifting his weight from one foot to the other, George would've never remembered he was here.

"Hey, George."

Focusing on the current, George closed his eyes at the soft tone of Dream's voice.

He shouldn't sound so sad; this was all his fucking fault anyway, *why doesn't he get it?*

The river was way too deep for either of them to wade through on foot. That meant that unless George wanted to suck up to Dream, they were going to have to find another way across. Or, in other words: around.

Turning on his heel so he was facing the edge of the water and not the source itself, George started walking downhill to wherever the river ended. It had to collect somewhere. From there on, he and Dream could head back up the way they came on the other side. That was, if Dream was still with him at that point.

*He wouldn't leave us alone and unguarded in the woods.*

*Oh, please. It wouldn't be a surprise if he lost interest in his whore's expedition.*

A side of George reared itself back to argue, but then the acrid taste of unending water poured back into his mind, and it quieted back down.

When he'd first started walking, his shoes against the ground had been the only sound, and George thought for the second time that Dream might've actually left. But then a second pair followed his up, even further behind than he'd previously been.

More footsteps, so many more—*why can't you just leave me alone?*—and then a body was blocking his path and a hand found its way under his chin.

George should've moved. He didn't want to, but he should have. He settled for keeping his eyes up ahead on Dream's chest and not his mask.

Dream's voice was like honey, and not in the sweet way.

It was like the sticky kind where the scent lures in bugs and traps them in silk, all promises and false kindness up until the end. It'd been a while since Dream had thought to bring it back out, much less on him directly. "You don't seriously expect us to hike all the way down to the end of this river, do you?"

A thumb brushed over the underside of his jaw, and George immediately jerked his head away to duck beneath Dream's arm. The blond didn't bother to stop him. "Obviously."

Dream chuckled behind. "Oh, c'mon." When George didn't stop walking away, he called out, "You know it'd be so much faster."

"Either come and shut up, or leave."

Judging by his voice, George took his best guess in determining that the distance between them didn't close next time he spoke. Dream was letting him walk away. "You'll never make it before nightfall in time."

At that, George stopped. Out came the word "What?", but it sounded much more like a threat than a question, given the fact George hadn't told Dream where he was headed, and he'd like to know how he knew.

"You're heading to your old base," Dream shrugged.

"Again", he didn't say.

*I wonder if he even knows,* George's petty fucking conscience whispered bitterly.

He'd failed last time, but his team still needed an enchantment table, and the forest was the boring, but safe way there. Neither Sapnap nor Bad had needed to remind him of what happened last time he took a shortcut.

George turned back.

Earlier, when the man had sneaked up behind him to speak, he really did try not to look at Dream—tried not to care—but George didn't bother fighting the impulse once he'd turned around.

And he was not-so-pleasantly surprised. To be completely honest, Dream looked way less "I'm really fucking depressed" than George had been hoping for. He was also acting a little too cheeky for someone stalking their claimed enemy in an empty forest, but overall he seemed... Happy.

At least, happier than the last few days leading up to his disappearance.

Before it became a reoccurring thought, George dismissed the notion that Dream appeared to be so well was because he hadn't been around him. Because Dream was a monster. Not a cynical, self-centered sociopath, but a monster nonetheless.

For all George and the world knew, he could've spent the last couple weeks burning orphaned children like the last tyrant or slitting the throats of the rich fools gorging on meat. Even as he couldn't see him—not *really*—through looking at the way he held himself and his behavior up until this point, George still couldn't deny that he seemed happier.

The comfortable weight of his sword at his hip brought strength to his words when George finally spoke up.

"How did you know that?"

Dream shrugged again, and George felt fire burn through him toward Dream for being so relaxed after what he'd done.

"Does it matter?"

"Yes," George thumbed over his sword hilt.

It wasn't the one Dream gave him; he'd locked that up after the talk with Bad. There was no use in growing attached to it when all it bore were shitty memories and a few inspired cuts. It was sick, but George wondered what Dream would think about that—how would he react if he knew how George had used his delicate gift while he'd been gone?

The case that he'd actually find out was slim, but George could use his imagination. It wasn't like Dream would be allowed to get close enough to his body to ever find out on his own.

Fingers ran through it's own pretty blond hair as Dream sighed, the gloved hand coming down to rest in the pocket of his hoodie. "No. No, it doesn't."

"You've been watching me."

Dream's voice was clipped this time. "Never seemed to bother you before."

Despite the tone, George could hear the smile in his voice—he'd seen it beneath the mask, felt it so many times before. It was the one he made when he allowed George to win, the one he used when he was comfortable and unguarded.

To use it now was a mockery of everything they'd been.

---

*Dream laughed, and George groaned. He had no right to be so cocky.*

*"You know I could kill you where you stand, right?"*

*He looked up at George standing above him, whereas he was laid out on his back on the warm rocks of the flower field, and he laughed again. Biting back another noise of annoyance, George closed his eyes.*

*The man below him was irritating enough, but the breeze around them was welcome, and George would be fine if he never lived to see past this plain. They'd been coming here more often. This was the field he was always taken to when Dream wanted company and nothing else.*

*"Oh, really?"*

*George glared down, and Dream's eyes glinted in the light as he smiled lazily up. He reached out a hand to tug George to him, and George let himself be pulled until he was sitting on the soft dirt and leaning back against Dream's propped up legs, the two of them facing one another. Another smile aimed his way had him scowling, but after a moment, George reached out to trace his face, and after a few seconds, Dream's eyes slid shut.*

*It wasn't as much of a romantic moment as it appeared—George could tell he wasn't closing his eyes out of bliss or a false sense of affection, and Dream knew it too—but in cutting off his vision, it was Dream's way of proving his trust.*

*He kept doing that more and more recently. It would be flattering if not for the constant reminder that George would one day be expected to do the same.*

*Well... Again. He'd already proved himself in the cave, but the unquestioning value of that memory wouldn't last forever.*

*Fingertips traced the curve of Dream's upturned mouth, and his lips quirked when George's path across them stopped. Everything was so warm and bright, and Dream was happy, and George... felt like he was going to be sick.*

*Dream still hadn't opened his eyes.*

*Pulling away from him—his eyes, his lips, his smile, him—George turned around so he wasn't facing Dream anymore, the only parts of them touching their sides. George didn't think he could stand to look at him for any longer while Dream was so... soft.*

*Weak.*

*Vulnerable.*

*The other man didn't say a thing, but as he was staring out into the flowers—there were many colors; red, yellow, purple, blue, and blue means sacred, mysterious, unattainable—a hand curved*



*around the jut of George's waist.*

*Not pulling, not tugging; just holding him there gently.*

*The sun would go down soon, and he'd have to leave then.*

*George knew he could lie and tell Dream he'd promised the others he'd be back early, and he wouldn't say anything about it. He also wouldn't believe it, but his feelings were irrelevant.*

*By the end of the night, George doesn't regret staying. He really should've gone back on his own, but like all the other times, the day ended with a dark sky and a darker shape standing from a distance at the trees.*

---

If asked—not that Bad or Sapnap every would—George couldn't tell them why it had happened.

Nothing had been as bad as it could've been.

For the most part, Dream had kept silent; he hadn't started conversation past his earlier attempts, and while walking he'd kept behind George at a safe and unarming distance. Regardless of what he deserved, for someone aiming to disappear and then reenter back into another person's life without conflict, Dream had done everything right.

But it didn't really matter because shit still went down.

All George remembered was making it past the trek to the end of the river, Dream saying something about setting up camp for the night and going to find wood, and then he'd snapped.

"What, so you can leave again?"

Dream's immediate silence hadn't helped the situation. It was like he was considering his options, and just like that, George was fighting with himself once more.

*He wouldn't leave you.*

*Yes. Yes, he would.*

When Dream finally did react, it was only to sigh.

Blue had always been his favorite color, but right now, all George saw was red. A tiny voice begged him to back down, knowing that biting the urge to bring it up back was the only way to not fuck them over even more, but George shoved it down.

He'd waited long enough.

They both knew this conversation was going to come, anyway.

So instead of playing nice, he spun around and threw his arms wide open, taking a few steps forward. "Well? Nothing?"

Seconds passed without retaliation; the only indication given that Dream had heard him was the slight relaxation of his hands at his sides.

Wind blew at his hair, but he stayed otherwise still, chest open and facing George with his hands free of any weapon or defense, and George fucking *hated* it. He didn't want Dream to just *let* him win this one; he wouldn't allow it.

In this oddly tense situation, he didn't know whether to cry or scream, so instead George laughed out humorlessly, "I haven't even done anything wrong, Dream!"

Then the anger died down just as quickly as it came, and to George, the two of them weren't categorized between the leaving and the left anymore. It was just him, and the boy who waited at the trees.

"Things were going great," he whispered, and George despised how small his own voice sounded. "Why did you have to leave?"

Dream spoke quietly and even. "Because the rules changed."

It hit George harder than he'd expected at how Dream didn't sound hurt. Just waiting for this argument, for this *fight*, because *of course* he was. Dream was... ready.

The noise of the running water beside them filtered out of George's mind with Dream's words as he wondered if that was what he'd left for.

George felt his lips tilt to the side, but stopped it from going any further. He wasn't that mean.

*Liar.*

"How?"

At that, Dream scoffed and walked away from him.

George knew he should stop.

He really should, but if Dream was going to turn around and abandon him after this conversation like he did before, George wanted it to hurt. Just as much as being left behind did, or more.

"Because of your feelings, right?"

Dream froze where his back was turned.

George smiled.

"We were supposed to fuck, and nothing else. That's how this started, and that's how this is going to end."

Dream still hadn't moved.

"You can't get all pissy at me because I don't feel the same way."

Against his better judgement, he walked up and around Dream to stand in front of him.

The hands still at his sides twitched, but they didn't stop him as George reached up to slide off his mask. Green eyes met brown as he cupped Dream's face to bring it down against his shoulder so he could whisper in his ear. His hands were sickeningly gentle and his voice was disarmingly sweet as he ran his hands from the back of Dream's exposed neck through his hair.

"Try not to forget: I don't *have* to love you," George pressed a kiss to his cheek, "and I don't owe you shit."

## Chapter End Notes

hello again :)

notice how i lied to you? me too.

also skip down to the middle of this end note, because i talk about some hot stuff past the writing shit

ngl, could've dragged this fight out more, but that would've been a little boring because we all knew this chapter was gonna come eventually + we all wanna get to the reconciliation times.

which- this fic is coming to an end, y'all :0

NOT LIKE SUPER SOON, DON'T WORRY

but it has only like 3-5 chapters left

that said, i misjudge the time frame of EVERYTHING \*cough cough\* *when the next chapter will be out, how long it'll be, etc* \*fucking chokes out another cough\* so it could be 5 chapters, it could be 8, who fucking knows :D

BUT ITS STILL WEIRD TO THINK ABOUT

LIKE- THIS IS MY GENTLE PORN BABY ;-; AND MY FETUS IS GROWING TF UP

tho at this point, there's still more plot than p l o t

also if i haven't responded to your comment yet, i'm working through them, i promise. it's been kinda hard to go through them because it's something i look forward to, but at the same time, i really miss them when they're gone. STILL, I'M GETTING THERE, SO IF IT'S BEEN A WHILE, I WILL SMELL YOU SOON <3

AND HERE'S THE DISCORD LINK, FUCKERS: <https://discord.gg/7VEFtfABcS>  
(if it doesn't work for some reason, either comment ur discord id so i can personally give it to you or dm me :) )

OKAY

ENOUGH RANTING

ITS TIME FOR THE DRAMATIC SUMMARY OF THIS CHAPTER'S EVENTS

- george is going back to check the old base for obsidian
- princess dreamie sparkle shine cha cha slides back into his life and the plot of this story

then greg is like

"grr gimme a break, i'm going through a hard divorce rn w my only two braincells >:/ one wants murder and the other wants to bone u"

so dream is like

"ok bbyboy, whatever u need i gotchu <3"

and then granola says

"u dumb bitch, u still think i'm playin hard to get? i just want some of dat ass"

and then they fight and dream goes to techno to cry or sum shit idfk-

OH YEAH I ALMOST FORGOT

bullying yourself into being productive and happy doesn't work for everyone, but yesterday-

i was watching this beautiful cartoon called Camp Camp and thinking to myself

"damn i'm hot, but life kinda sucks"

and then istg its like i felt me from another life came through to mentally smack the shit out of me (us?)

just to look me (again, US-?) in the esophagus and say "ever think the reason you're sad rn is because you *wanna* be sad?"

and then i was like

"well i don't *want* to be sad??"

and other me said "then fucking fix it, you stupid meathead"

AND I AINT EVEN GONNA LIE TO YOU

IT FUCKIN WORKED

i felt *great* for the rest of the day.

DISCLAIMER: this is a summary. there was a lot more cursing and threat of physical violence involved in this bullying sesh, but you get the gist.

but yeah- fucked myself over mentally so hard it did a 360 into happiness :)

WELL IT WAS FUN OVERSHARING FOR THE TENTH TIME :D

IMMA GO EAT ARBY'S AGAIN AND SLEEP

GOODBYE, MY LOVELY RATS <3

I LUV Y'ALL, STAY HEALTHY + ATTRACTIVE, AND I HOPE YOU GUYS ARE DOING WELL >:D

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!